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ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate.....	\$223,000 00	Unearned Premiums.....	\$1,068,315 60
Bonds and Mortgages.....	512,450 00	Unpaid Losses.....	132,140 19
Stocks and Bonds.....	1,591,100 00	All other Claims and Liabilities....	24,239 16
Loan on Collateral.....	2,500 00		
Net Cash Due for Premiums.....	198,315 79	Total Liabilities, - - - - -	\$1,224,694 95
Cash in Banks.....	122,885 60	Capital Stock, - - - - -	300,000 00
Interest Due and Accrued.....	8,903 95	Net Surplus beyond Capital Stock,	1,134,520 39
Total Assets, - - - - -	\$2,659,215 34		

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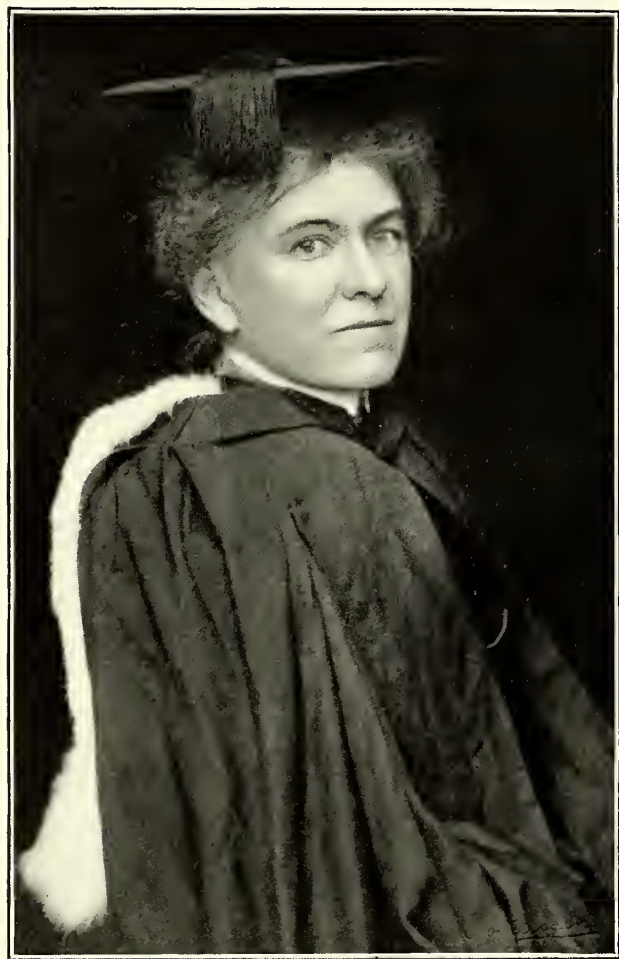
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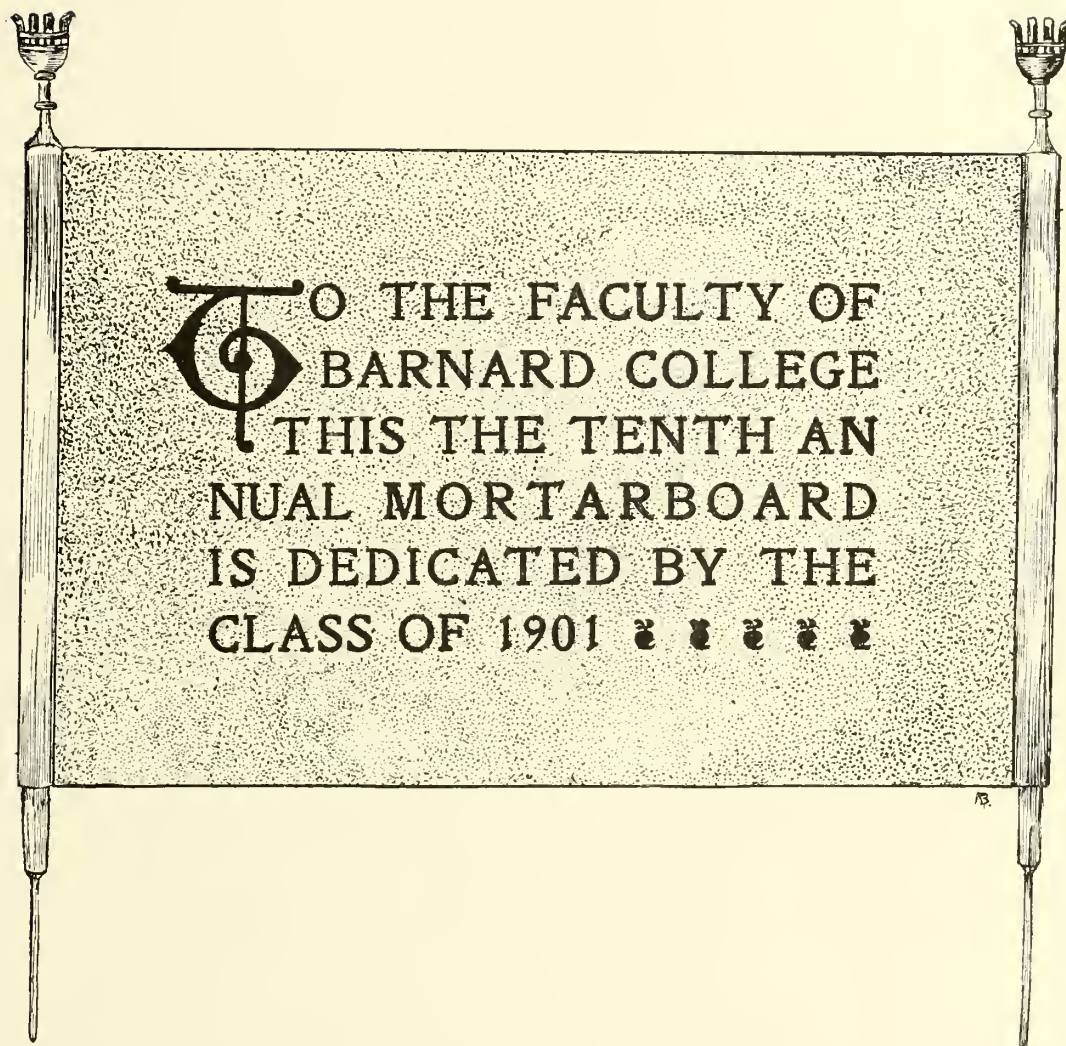
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WITH the deepest regret we learn that this is the last *Mortarboard* in which the name of our present Dean will head the College list. In the sorrow which such a thought occasions, a single gleam of satisfaction to us, as editors, remains: that to our class it is given to record the universal appreciation of Mrs. Putnam's tremendous services to our Alma Mater, and to express the genuine grief with which all the students realize their loss. It is for us to announce, to all who may open these pages, our conviction that the loss of Mrs. Putnam as our Dean will not entail the loss of a true friend—a friend who will continue in that same love and untiring interest which, given in the past, has made our College what it is.



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THUS, the editors look to make "THE MORTARBOARD" speak a double language. In part, to those friends who are not enrolled as students of Barnard; in part, to those who know all the little tricks and phases of our college life. With this latter language the outside world, knowing how dear to a student's heart are the intimate traits of her Alma Mater, will, we trust, bear patiently.



AND if "THE MORTARBOARD" shall have spoken at all intelligently to the world without, and shall have aroused any understanding of and sympathy with those things which amuse us in our college life; if it shall have voiced any desire or feeling of our fellow-students, and shall have made them care for it as a part of themselves; then, whatever may be its faults, the editors lay down their pens, well satisfied with the outcome of their efforts.



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Vice-President Florence Lippincott
Secretary Hilda Newborg
Treasurer Florence Miller Sill
Historian Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley

Members

Florence Theodora Baldwin	New York City
Willina Barrick	Jersey City, N. J.
Agnes Leonard Bennett	Hackensack, N. J.
Margaret Blossom	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elizabeth Eggleston Bryant	Gilbertsville, N. Y.
Valentine Laura Chandor	Plainfield, N. J.
Madge Sutherland Clarke	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Helen Cole	Yonkers, N. Y.

Margaret Crawford	Jersey City, N. J.
Florence Dwight Dale	New York City
Susan Mathilda Germann	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Jeanette Bliss Gillespy	New York City
Mary Loockerman Goldsborough	Easton, Md.
Mildred Hubbard	Winchester, Ill.
Florence Hutchinson	South Orange, N. J.
Louise Karger	Cleveland, Ohio.
Esther Keagey	New York City
Eleanor Keeler	New York City
Stella Frances Kingsbury	New York City
Florence Leslie Kyte	Fanwood, N. J.
Martha Washington Levy	Newark, N. J.
Florence Lippincott	New York City
Elizabeth Hoffman Mapelsden	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hilda Newborg	New York City
Virginia Newcomb	Boston, Mass.
Evelyn Osborne	New York City
Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley	New York City
Sarah Bertha Rosenstein	New York City
Emma Dusinberre Sandford	Geneva, N. Y.
Cecile Heller Schwed	New York City
Cora Arnot Scott	New York City
Florence Miller Sill	New York City
Edna Bell Simpson	Beaver Falls, Pa.
Sara Straus	New York City
Mary Brown Sumner	New York City
Katharine Van Horne	Jersey City
Julia Cooper Watkins	Montclair, N. J.
Mary Caldwell Woodhull	Craigville, N. Y.
Julie Wurzbarger	New York City
Mrs. Van Wyck Brinckerhoff	<i>Honorary Member</i>

Junior Class

Ad Summum

Class Flower . . . PURPLE AND WHITE SWEET PEA

Class Color PURPLE AND WHITE



Officers

<i>President</i>	Pauline Hamilton Dederet
<i>Vice-President</i>	Janetta Gordon Studdiford
<i>Secretary</i>	Harriett Elizabeth Cutting
<i>Treasurer</i>	Marie Elise Helen Cameron
<i>Historian</i>	Cordelia Wendt

Members

Mary Olive Barrick	Jersey City, N. J.
Alice Beer	New York City
Elsa Gubner Bergen	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Edith Berry	East Orange, N. J.
Lisa Delevan Bloodgood	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Margaret Buffington	Millburn, N. J.
Marie Elise Helen Cameron	Woodside, N. Y.
Helen Elizabeth Catlin	Bloomfield, N. J.
Clara Coburn Cook	Yonkers, N. Y.
Harriett Elizabeth Cutting	Yonkers, N. Y.
Pauline Hamilton Dederer	New York City.
Mary Lavinia Eaton	Nyack, N. Y.
Mabel Elting	New Paltz, N. Y.
Mary Hedges Fisher	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Lenda Tracy Hanks	New York City
Madalene Heroy	New York City
Clara Elizabeth Hudson	Astoria, N. Y.
Isabel Estelle Isaacs	New York City
Lillie Friedlander Jacobs	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Adele Remsen Johnson	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hilda Emily Josephthal	New York City
Helen Agnes Kane	Brooklyn, N. Y.

Olive Catherine Kellogg	New York City
Rose Lois Kraker	New York City
Amy Loveman	New York City
Christina Louise McKim	Yonkers, N. Y.
Florence Oppenheimer	New York City
Bessie May Osborn	Yonkers, N. Y.
Meta Pollak	Summit, N. J.
Jennie Florence Preston	Orange, N. J.
Rosina Julia Rennert	New York City
Elizabeth Carpenter Roberts	Flushing, N. Y.
Florence Lucas Sanville	New York City
Sarah Edwards Schuyler	Plainfield, N. J.
Sissie Cecile Straus	New York City
Janetta Gordon Studdiford	Lambertville, N. Y.
Marian Goodall Townsend	New York City
Alma Frank Wallach	New York City
Marie Louise Wehucke	Stapleton, S. I.
May Godfrey Wendell	Bridgeport, Conn.
Cordelia Wendt	Larchmont, N. Y.
Catherine Elizabeth Whitney	New York City
Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske	<i>Honorary Member</i>



Sophomore Class

Ἀλφειά

<i>Class Flower</i>	MARGUERITE
<i>Class Color</i>	WHITE AND GOLD

Officers

<i>President</i>	Elizabeth Allen
<i>Vice-President</i>	Margaret Elizabeth Clark
<i>Secretary</i>	Margaret Grote Elliman
<i>Treasurer</i>	Ruth Earle
<i>Historian</i>	Eleanor Phelps

Members

Elizabeth Allen	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elsa Alsberg	New York City
Frances Elinor Belcher	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Bertha Brown	Bloomfield, Canada
Mary Hunt Budd	Chester, New Jersey
Lydia Adele Carl	Whitestone, L. I.
Edna Cara Chapin	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Margaret Elizabeth Clark	Amenia Union, N. Y.
Elizabeth Cadmus Coddington	Passaic, N. J.
Grace Lucille De Hart	Jersey City, N. J.
Rebecca Staunton Donald	New York City
Edith Durant	New York City
Eva Olive Dutcher	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ruth Earle	New York City
Margaret Grote Elliman	New York City
Mary Dederick Hall	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Eleanore Harrison Hunt	West Orange, N. J.
Eva May Ingalls	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Viola Louise Kimball	Greenwich, Conn.
Annie Pickrell McKenney	Petersburg, Va.
Martha Wickham Moore	Passaic, N. J.
Ada Blanche Clouse Neiswender	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ethel Leone Newman	Riverside, Conn.

Flossy May Oppenheim	Albany, N. Y.
Graee Malvina Peters	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Eleanor Phelps	New York City
Wilma Vera Pollak	New York City
Alma Rosenstein	New York City
Jeanette Rowland Seibert	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Annie Leddell Seward	East Orange, N. Y.
Mary Carolyn Shaw	Yonkers, N. Y.
Elsie Lloyd Totten	New York City
Eleanor Elizabeth Van Cott	New York City
Una Adele Winterburn	Edgewater, N. J.
Helen Maria Wright	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs Alfred Meyer	<i>Honorary Member</i>

Freshman Class

Φῶσδε

Class Flower . . . RED AND WHITE CARNATION

Class Color . . . CRIMSON AND WHITE

Officers

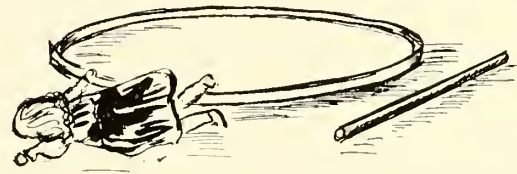
President . . . May Amerman Johnson

Vice-President . . . Mary Warren Moën

Secretary . . . Marion Elizabeth Latham

Treasurer . . . Mildred Caroline Straus

Historian . . . Clare Maclellan Howard



Members

Jessie Alice Addoms	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alice Clara Judith Bamberger	New York City
Susie Harris Bogia	Passaic, N. J.
Anita Gella Cahn	New York City
Elsa Patterson Campbell	Stamford, Conn.
Florence Palmer Cheesman	New York City
Gertrude Helen Clark	New York City
Helen Louise Cohen	New York City
Anna Aloysius Agnes Coleman	Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Ellice Heaton Fitch	New York City
Edna Louise Fry	Bath Beach, N. Y.
Mary Groff	Jersey City, N. J.
Clara Emilia Gruening	New York City
May Frederica Harrison	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elsa Goldina Herzfeld	New York City
Edith Hill	New York City
Ida May Hope	New York City
Elizabeth Horn	East Orange, N. J.
Clare Maclellan Howard	New York City
May Amerman Johnson	New York City
Jessie Kaufmann	New York City
Helen Louise King	New York City
Lucille Kohn	New York City
Elsbeth Kroeber	New York City
Marion Elizabeth Latham	New York City
Adele Teresa Lewisohn	New York City

Hilda Le Grand Lockwood	New York City
Grace McAuliffe	New York City
Eleanor Cushing May	New York City
Jean Wallace Miller	New York City
Mary Warren Moen	New York City
Ethel Blanchard Newton	Montclair, N. J.
Sadie Floy Nones	New York City
Ethel Manter Pool	New York City
Katharine Ellen Poole	Faribault, Minn.
Florence Ethel Rauh	New York City
Amelia Maude Robinson	Sayville, L. I.
Helen Miles Rogers	Fond du Lac, Wis.
Laura Randolph Seguire	Rosebank, N. Y.
May Seville Shainwald	New York City
Lucy Fidelia Sherman	Peekskill, N. Y.
Marguerite Siedler	New York City
Madeleine Dayrell Skinner	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Carita Spencer	Flushing, N. Y.
Irma Regina Stern	New York City
Mildred Caroline Straus	New York City
Bessie Ilsley Thompson	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Louise Josephine Calvin Toscano	Astoria, N. Y.
Laura Knowles Van Cise	Summit, N. J.
Adelheid Nettie Wallack	New York City
Elizabeth Rae Walters	Little Neck, N. Y.
Anna Goodwin Ware	New York City
Ethel Dodge Wilcox	New Rochelle, N. Y.

Graduate Department

Grace Andrews, B.S., Wellesley College, 1890 ;		
A.M., Columbia University, 1899	New York City	
May Banta, B.S., Wellesley College, 1889	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Abby Barstow Bates, A.B., Boston University, 1887 ;		
B. M., Boston University, 1892	Newton, Mass.	
Sarah Drowne Belcher, A.B., Boston University, 1887 ;		
M.D., Woman's Medical College, 1891 ;		
A M., New York University, 1899	New York City	
Rosalie Bloomingdale, A. B., Columbia University. 1899	New York City	
Edith Helen Boetzkes, A.B., Columbia University, 1898	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Sarah Helen Bogart, A.B., Wellesley, College, 1899	New York City	
Elizabeth Hickman, A.B., Cornell University, 1897	New York City	
Mary Frances Bracken, A.B., Pittsburg Female College, 1892	Pittsburg, E. E.	
Alice Gertrude Brickelmaier, B.S., Cornell University, 1899	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Marianna Catharine Brown, A.B., Vassar College, 1893	New York City	
Mrs Ella Fitzgerald Bryson, A.B., Columbia University, 1894	New York City	
Alice Casamajor, A.B., Adelphia College, 1899	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Emily Matilda Coddington, A.B., London University, 1896 ;		
A.M., Columbia University, 1898	New York City	
Lydia Sarah Cody, A.B., Boston University, 1888	Cleveland, Ohio	
Miriam Stous Coe, B.S., Smith College, 1899	New York City	
Helen Lillie Cram, A.B., University of Vermont, 1879	New York City	
Ella Scott Davidson, B.S., Wellesley College, 1887 ;		
A.M., Western Reserve University, 1894	Louisville, Ky.	
Grace Amelia Dewolf, Ph.B., Buchnell College, 1899	Newark, N. J.	
Florence Anderson Dowden, A.B., Columbia University, 1897	Newark, N. J.	
Mr. Charles Henry Ellard, A.B., Columbia University, 1897	Great Neck, L. I.	
Ruth Emerson, A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1893	New York City	
Lillian Henrietta Fishel, B.S., Wellesley College, 1890	Babylon, L. I.	
Frances Elizabeth Flint, A.B., Cornell University, 1892	New York City	

Caroline Ellen Furness, A.B., Cornell University, 1891	Cincinnati, Ohio
Harriet Winfield Gibson, A.B., Wellesley College, 1887 ;	
A.M., Columbia University, 1896 ;	
Ph.D., Columbia University, 1899	Newark, N. J.
Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, A.B., Columbia University, 1899	New York City
Mabel Ferry Giles, B.L., Smith College, 1896	Lake Forest, Ill.
Juliette Golay, A.B., Vassar College, 1894	Bangor, Maine
Josephine Goldmark, A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1898	New York City
Carrie Hammerslough, A.B., Columbia University 1896 ;	
A.M., Columbia University, 1897	New York City
Dorcas Hedden, B.L., University of Michigan, 1897	Charlton, N. Y.
Nellie Priscilla Hewins, B.S., Cornell University, 1898	Maspeth, N. Y.
Mrs. Frederick Trevor Hill, B.L., Smith College, 1891	New York City
Gertrude Mary Hirst, A.B., Newnham, College, 1890	Ruswarp, England
Edythe Josephine Hulbert, A.B., Vassar College, 1894 ;	
A.M., Columbia University, 1897	New York City
Mabel Hurd, B.L., Smith College, 1895	New York City
Alice Rebekah Jackson, B.S., Wellesley College, 1891	Rennett Square, Pa.
Louise Hoyt Kelsey, A.B., Smith College, 1884 ;	
A.M., Smith College, 1887	New York City
Ella Roselle Lathrop, A.B., Columbia University, 1898	Bridgeport, Conn.
Lily Logan, A.B., Tulane University, 1897	Howardsville, Va.
Lillie Denning Loshe, A.B., Bryn Mawr, 1899	Stamford, Conn.
Mrs. William F. McDowell, B.D., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1880	New York City
Mary Stone McDowell, A.B., Swathmore, 1896	New York City
Mrs. William Maitland, A. B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1898	Palo Alto, Cal.
Florence Mabel Marshall, A.B., Boston University, 1899	New York City
Jessica Beatrice Marshall, Ph.D., Syracuse College, 1892	
A.M., Cornell University, 1897	New York City
Anna Henrietta Martin, A.B., Nevada State University, 1894 ;	
A.B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1896 ;	
A. M., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1897	Reno, Nevada
Charly Tiffany Mitchell, A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1897	New London, Conn.

Anna Lewis Moore, A.B., Smith College, 1895	Framingham, Mass.
Susan Isabella Myers, A.B., Columbia University, 1898 ;	
A.M., Columbia University, 1899	New York City
Elizabeth Franeis Nammaek, A.B., Columbia University, 1895 ;	
A.M., Columbia University, 1896	New York City
Susan Hawley Olmsted, B. L., University of Minnesota, 1888	New York City
Florence Morly Opdyke, A.B., Boston University, 1888	Jersey City, N. J.
Martha Ornstein, A.B., Columbia University, 1899	New York City
Leila Madge Palmer, A.B., Smith College, 1899	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alice Jane Gray Perkins, A.B., Columbia University, 1898 ;	
A.M., Columbia University, 1899	Scheneetady, N. Y.
Anna Louise Perkins, A. B., Vassar College, 1892	New York City
Alice Margarete Henriette Pfizer, A.B., Adelphi College, 1899	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Louise Placee, A.B., Columbia University, 1896	New York City
Mary Alice Port, A. B., Smith College; 1890	Chenango Forks, N. Y.
Emma Louisa Reed, Ph. B., Wesleyan University, 1899	New York City
Katharine Campbell Reiley, A.B., Vassar College, 1895	New York City
Esther Rosenkrantz, A.B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1899	San Francisco, Cal
May Cadette Schoneman, A.B., Bryn Mawr College, 1899	Fort Washington, N. Y.
Ora Winona Louise Slater, A.B., Wellesley College, 1894	Summit, N. J.
Mary Ellen Stevens, B.S., Hiram College	Hiram, Ohio
Edith Parker Striker, A.B., Columbia University, 1899	East Orange, N. J.
Mrs. Florence Chapman Torrance, Ph.B., Cornell University, 1893 ;	
Ph.M., Cornell University, 1894	New York City
Ada Watterson, A.B., Columbia University, 1898	New York City
Ruth Annette Warren, A.B., Smith College, 1895	New York City
Maude Wileox, A.B., Columbia University, 1897 ;	
A.M., Columbia University, 1898	New Rochelle, N. Y.
Jane Stedman Wilson, A.B., Lake Forest University, 1888	New York City
Amelia Wohlfarth, A.B., Columbia University, 1899	New York City
Gertrude Wolff, A.B., Columbia University, 1896	New York City
Alice Ida Wood, B.S., Wellesley College, 1894	New York City
Marianna Woodhull, A.B., Smith College, 1897	New York City

Special Students

Eliza Rhees Butler	Paterson, N. J.
Clara Byrnes	New York City
Cerise Emily Agnes Carman	New York City
Bessie May Finnigan	New York City
Amelia Haydock	New York City
Mary Sinton Lewis	Morristown, N. J.
Mrs. Clara Liebmann	New York City
Mary Anna Cotton Miller	New York City
Evelyn Groesbeck Mitchell	East Orange, N. J.
Jeanette Todd Moffett	Watertown, N. Y.
Harriett Cook Murray	Chappaqua, N. Y.
Constance Parsons	New York City
Harriette Louise Pratt	New Milford, Pa.
Muriel Sait	Toronto, Canada
Letitia Willis Simmons	Port Chester, N. Y.
Minnie Straus	New York City
Maud Thompson	New York City
Belle Reed Warren	New York City

Music Students

Kathryn Lewis Aller	Mount Vernon
Madeleine Winthrop Barnes	New York City
Clifford Moody Boyd	Mount Vernon, Iowa
Caroline Booth Chapin	Englewood, N. J.
Mary Livingston Chase	Scarsdale, N. Y.
Emma Amelia Dambmann	Baltimore, Md.
Alice Davis	New York City
Angela Diller	New York City
Agnes Louise Dyer	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Clara Aimee Gottschalk	New York City
Mrs. E. B. Griffing	New York City
Mrs. James Barnard Harris	New York City
Ida Leigh Hilton	Nyack, N. Y.
Caroline Sweet Holmes	Montclair, N. J.
Bettina Kahnweiler	New York City
Cara Lane	New York City
Fanny Granberry Levy	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Cornelia Catherine Lienau	New York City
Mary Langsdorff Littig	New York City
Helen Lohmann	New York City
Jeanet Ellinwood Loomis	Attica, N. Y.

Agnes Manning	New York City
Constance Sprague Mills	San Diego, Cal.
Lily Remington Olmstead	Buffalo, N. Y.
Jeanette Steele Porter	New York City
Mary Belle Prosser	Kansas City, Mo.
Jean Williams Underhill	New York City
Helen Van Ingen	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Jo Shipley Watson	New York City
Helene Margaret Weil	New York City
Julia Halsey Whitehead	New York City
Mary Whiteside	New York City
Frances Urania Woodman	New York City
Edith Mitchell	New York City
Nina Mitchell	Flushing, N. Y.
Fay Simmons	N. Cambridge, Mass.
Mrs. Charles E. Brown	Belvidere, Ill.
Grace Margaret Weymouth	Lock Haven, Pa.

Students in Teachers' College

(Not candidates for a degree)

Emily Vanderbilt Brinkerhoff	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Elizabeth Merle Carhart	Peekskill, N. Y.
Ada Ranney Clark	Cresskill, N. J.
Laura Reddington Frost	Meriden, Conn.
Ida Minerva Hollis	New York City
Ellen Anderson Jarvis	Brooklyn, Conn.
Euphemia Johnson	Middletown, Conn.
Frances Fahnestock Jones	New York City.
Harriet Adelaide Luddington	New Haven, Conn.
Margaret Alice McCreedy	New York City.
Grace McKinstry	Fredonia, N. Y.
Naomi Norsworthy	Rutherford, N. J.

The Associate Alumnae of Barnard College

<i>President</i>	Mrs. Frank G. Bryson
<i>Vice-President</i>	Anna Cole Mellick
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Mabel Parsons
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Susan Isabella Myers
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mary Stuart Pullman

Executive Committee

Clarita M. Knight	Alice M. Keys
Louise B. Dunn	Marjorie Jacobi

Conference Committee

Alice G. Chase, <i>Chairman</i>	Virginia C. Gildersleeve
---------------------------------	--------------------------

Finance Committee

Mary Stuart Pullman	<i>Chairman</i>
Caroline T. Brombacher	Mrs. F. G. Bryson, <i>ex-officio</i>

Students' Aid Committee

Jean W. Tatlock	<i>Chairman</i>
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Ways and Means Committee

Louise B. Lockwood	<i>Chairman</i>
--------------------	-----------------

Undergraduate Association

Founded April 7, 1892



<i>President</i>	Florence Lippincott, '00
<i>Vice-President</i>	Florence Leslie Kyte, '00
<i>Secretary</i>	Christina Louise McKim, '01
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mary Hunt Budd, '02

Executive Committee

Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley, '00, <i>Chairman</i>	Florence Lucas Sanville, '01
Edith Durant, '02	Carita Spencer, '03

Self-Government Committee

Leslie Kyte, '00	Elizabeth Carpenter Roberts, '01
Mary Dederick Hall, '02	Ethel Dodge Wilcox, '03

The Woman's Graduate Club of Columbia University

Founded December 5, 1895



<i>President</i>	Virginia Gildersleeve
<i>Vice-President</i>	Susan Olmstead
<i>Secretary</i>	Roselle Lathrop
<i>Treasurer</i>	Lily Logan

Executive Committee

Mabel Hurd
Mrs. F. G. Bryson

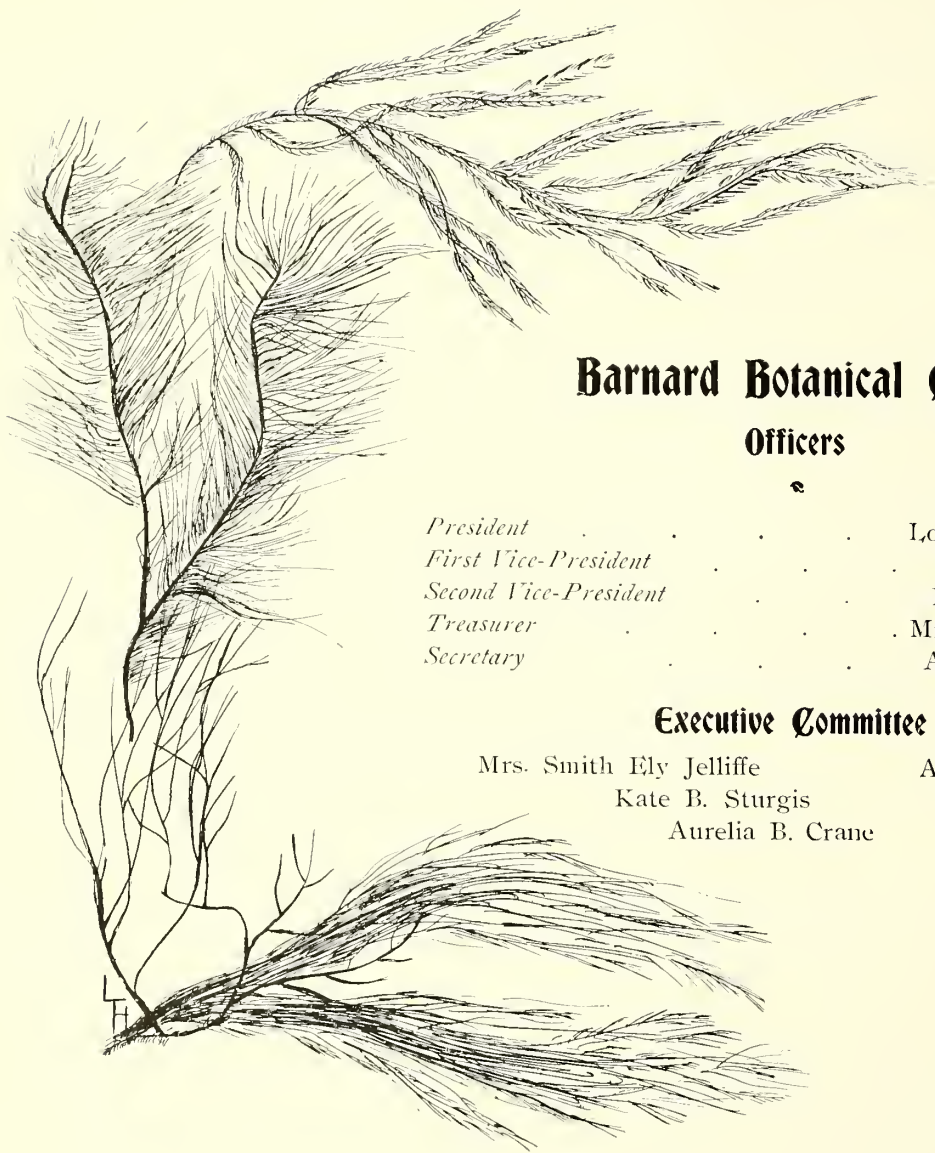
Maude Wilcox
Susan G. Myers

Members

Grace Andrews
May Banta
Rosalie Bloomingdale
Edith Helen Boetzkes
Alice Gertrude Brickelmaier
Mrs. F. G. Bryson
Elsie Clews
R. Cochran
Emily Matilda Coddington
Helen Louise Cram
Grace Amelia Dewolf
Lillian Henrietta Fishel

Caroline Ellen Furness
Virginia C. Gildersleeve
Juliette Golay
Josephine Goldmark
Carrie Hammerslough
Dorcas Hedden
Mrs. Frederick Trevor Hill
Mabel Hurd
Louise Hoyt Kelsey
Ella Roselle Lathrop
Lily Logan
Mrs. William Maitland

Mrs. W. F. McDowell
Susan Isabelle Myers
Elizabeth Frances Nammack
Susan Hawley Olmstead
Anna Louise Perkins
Louise Place
Mary Alice Port
Katharine Campbell Reiley
Ada Watterson
Maude Wilcox
Gertrude Wolf
Marianna Woodhull



Barnard Botanical Club

Officers

<i>President</i>	Louise Brisbin Dunn
<i>First Vice-President</i>	Laura Billings
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	Mrs. H. S. Gibson
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mrs. A. B. Hepburn
<i>Secretary</i>	Alexandrina Taylor

Executive Committee

Mrs. Smith Ely Jelliffe	Alice M. Isaacs
Kate B. Sturgis	Elsie Kupfer
Aurelia B. Crane	Bertha Dow

Honorary Members

Emily James Putnam, *Dean*

Elizabeth Billings

Mrs. Nathaniel L. Britton

Members

Katherine Burnett
Laura Billings
Mrs. Samuel B. Clarke
Susan Cook
Mrs. M. M. Crabbe
Aurelia B. Crane
Bertha Dow
Louise B. Dunn
Mrs. John S. Ely
Harriet Elder
Emilie Feris
Bertha Fursman

Mrs. H. S. Gibson
Anna D. Granger
Mrs. A. B. Hepburn
Alice M. Isaacs
Isabel Isaacs
Mrs. Smith Ely Jelliffe
Florence Leslie Kyte
Elsie Kupfer
Harriet Lake
Mrs. B. Harper Lewis
Mrs. Pierre Le Brun
Emily Olivia Long
Elizabeth Frances Nammack

Mary Parsons
Dr. Herbert M. Richards
Helen Smythe
Lidie K. Seward
Kate B. Sturgis
Marion Satterlee
Alexandrina Taylor
Kate Thompson
Lucia Tunis
Katherine Van Horne
Ada Watterson
*Mrs. Herbert Pettit

*Deceased, August, 1899

The Barnard College Chapter of the College Settlement Association

Founded 1895



Officers

Graduate Elector

Louise Benedict Lockwood, '95

Undergraduate Elector

Florence Theodora Baldwin, '00

Recording Secretary

Cordelia Wendt, '01

Sub-Electors

Mary Caldwell Woodhull, '00

Harriet Elizabeth Cutting, '01

Elsa Alsberg, '02

Elsbeth Kroeber, '03

Barnard College Christian Association

Founded October, 1897

Officers

President Evelyn Osborne
Vice-President Katharine Van Horne
Secretary Grace Malvina Peters
Treasurer Julia Cooper Watkins

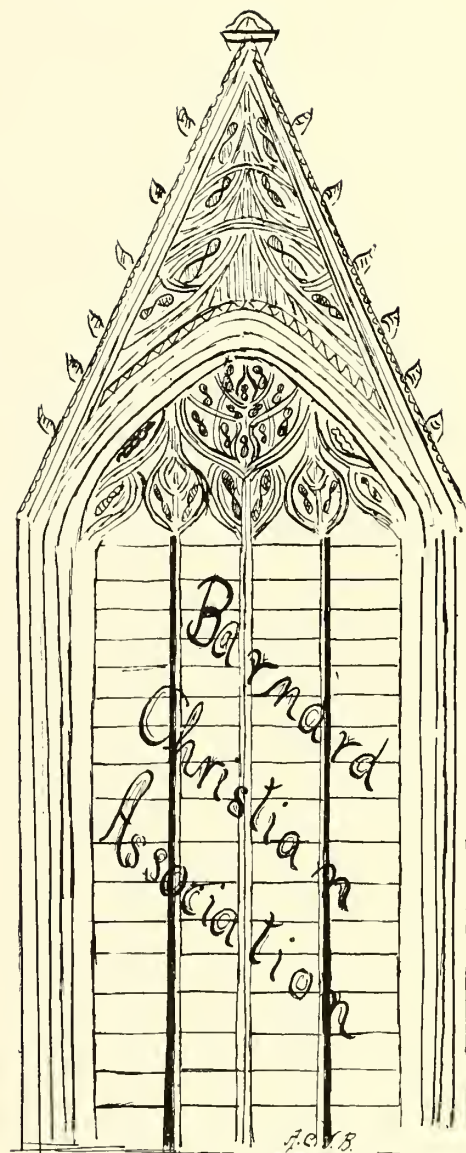
Committees

Membership and Devotional Committees

Chairman E. Olive Dutcher

Philanthropic Committee

Chairman Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley

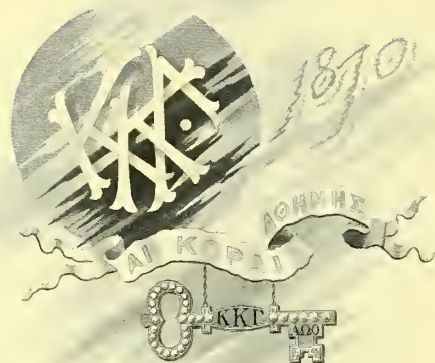


Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity

Founded October, 1870

Roll of Chapters

BETA ALPHA	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
BETA GAMMA	Wooster University, Wooster, O.
BETA DELTA	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
BETA EPSILON	Barnard College, New York, N. Y.
BETA ZETA	Iowa State University, Iowa City, Ia.
BETA ETA	Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
BETA IOTA	Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
BETA NU	Ohio State University, Columbus, O.
BETA TAU	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
GAMMA RHO	Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.
DELTA	Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
EPSILON	Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill.
ETA	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
THETA	Missouri State University, Madison, Wis.
IOTA	De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
KAPPA	Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich.
LAMBDA	Buchtel College, Akron, O.
MU	Butler College, Irvington, Ind.
XI	Adrian College, Adrian, Mich.
PI	University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
SIGMA	Nebraska State University, Lincoln, Neb.
UPSILON	Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
PHI	Boston University, Boston, Mass.
CHI	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
PSI	Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
OMEGA	Kansas State University, Lawrence, Kan.



Dichtu Photo

Beta Epsilon Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity

Founded January, 1891



Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, Graduate

Edith Parker Striker, Graduate

Maude Wilcox, Graduate

Cerise Agnes Emily Carman, Special

Helen Cole, '00

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, '00

Mary Loockerman Goldsborough, '00

Florence Leslie Kyte, '00

Evelyn Osborne, '00

Lisa Delevan-Bloodgood, '01

Mary Lavinia Eaton, '01

Madalene Heroy, '01

Janetta Gordon Studdiford, '01

Elizabeth Allen, '02

Mary Hunt Budd, '02

Eleanor Phelps, '02

Kappa Alpha Theta Fraternity

Founded January, 1870



Roll of Chapters

IOTA	Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
LAMBDA	University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
MU	Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.
CHI	Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
ALPHA BETA,	Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
ALPHA DELTA	Women's College of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.
ALPHA EPSILON	Brown University, Providence, R. I.
ALPHA ZETA	Barnard College, New York, N. Y.
GAMMA ALUMNÆ	New York, N. Y.
ETA ALUMNÆ	Burlington, Vt.
THETA ALUMNÆ	Philadelphia, Pa.
ALPHA	De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
BETA	Indiana State University, Bloomington, Ind.
DELTA	University of Illinois, Champaigne, Ill.
EPSILON	Wooster University, Wooster, O.
ETA	University of Michigan, Ann Harbor, Mich.
KAPPA	University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
NU	Hanover College, Hanover, Ind.

PI	Albion College, Albion, Mich.
RHO	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
TAU	Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
UPSILON	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
PSI	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
ALPHA GAMMA	Ohio State University, Columbus, O.
ALPHA ALUMNÆ	Greencastle, Ind.
BETA ALUMNÆ	Minneapolis, Minn.
DELTA ALUMNÆ	Chicago, Ill.
EPSILON ALUMNÆ	Columbus, O.
ZETA ALUMNÆ	Indianapolis, Ind.
PHI	Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal.
OMEGA	University of California, Oakland, Cal.

Alpha Zeta Chapter of Kappa Alpha Theta Fraternity

Founded March, 1898



Members

Ada Watterson, Graduate
Elizabeth Hoffman Mapelsden, '00
Florence Lippincott, '00
Florence Miller Sill, '00
Elsa Gubner Bergen, '01
Frances Elinor Belcher, '02
Edith Durant, '02.
Mary Dederick Hall, '02
Annie Pickrell McKenny, '02
Annie Leddell Seward, '02
Elsie Lloyd Totten, '02
Harriette Louise Pratt, Special.





The Greek Club

Founded November 14, 1894

•

Proëdros

Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley, '00

Members

Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley, '00

Florence Lippincott, '00

Florence Theodora Baldwin, '00

Lisia Delevan Bloodgood, '01

Cordelia Wendt, '01

Honorary Members

Mortimer Lamson Earle, Ph.D.

Edward Delevan Perry

Emily James Putnam, *Dean*



Barnard Chorus

Founded November, 1897

Director, Mr. Gustav Hinrichs

Officers

<i>President</i>	.	.	Mary Loockerman Goldsborough, '02
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	Margaret Elizabeth Clark, '02
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	Grace Malvina Peters, '02
<i>Librarian</i>	.	.	Eva Olive Dutcher, '02

Members

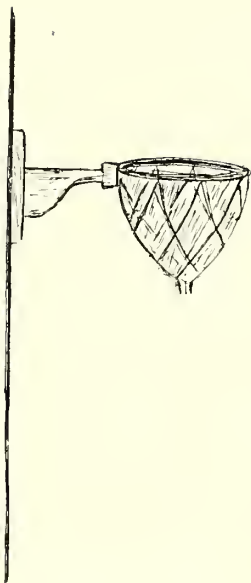
Jessie Alice Addoms
Elizabeth Allen
Edith Berry
Bertha Brown
Anita Gella Calh
Cerise Emily Carman

Evelyn Osborne
Ruth Cecilia Overton
Grace Malvina Peters
Ethel Manter Pool
Harriette Louise Pratt
Helen Miles Rogers



Florence Palmer Cheesman
Margaret Elizabeth Clark
Adele Carl
Pauline Hamilton Dederer
Eva Olive Dutcher
Mary Lavinia Eaton
Mabel Elting
Edna Louise Fry
Mary Loockerman Goldsborough
May Frederica Harrison
Elizabeth Horn
Clara Elizabeth Hudson
Eleanore Harrison Hunt
Edith Mary Ingalls
Olive Katherine Kellogg
Viola Louise Kimball
Helen Louise King
Mary Dederick Hall
May Amerman Johnson
Mary Warren Moën
Flossy May Oppenheim

Alma Rosenstein
Florence Lucas Sanville
Cecile Heller Schwed
Sarah Edwards Schuyler
Jeanette Rowland Seibert
Laura Randolph Seguire
Mary Carolyn Shaen
May Seville Shainwald
Lucy Fidelia Sherman
Edna Bell Simpson
Madeleine Dayrell Skinner
Carita Spencer
Irma Regina Stern
Bessie Ilsley Thompson
Marian Goodall Townsend
Laura Knowles Van Cise
Anna Goodwin Ware
May Godfrey Wendell
Cordelia Wendt
Catherine Elizabeth Whitney
Una Adele Winterburn



Basket Ball Club

Founded 1898

•

Officers

<i>President</i>	Florence Theodora Baldwin, '00
<i>Vice President</i>	Ellinor Ten Broeck Reilly, '00
<i>Secretary</i>	Mary Hunt Budd, '02
<i>Treasurer</i>	Ruth Earle, '02
<i>Captain</i>	Elsa Alsberg, '02

Team

Forwards	{	Ruth Earle, '02
	{	Louise Kimball, '02
Guards	{	Florence T. Baldwin, '00
	{	Elsa Alsberg, '02, Captain
Centre		Mary Hunt Budd, '02

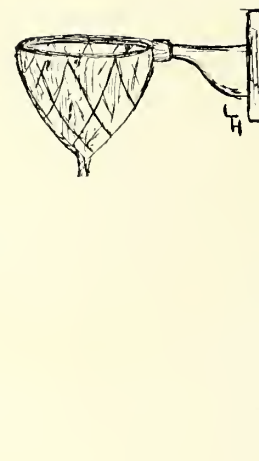
SUBSTITUTES

Elizabeth Kroeber, '03
Mary Moën, '03

Games

Staten Island Academy, 9
Barnard College, 11

Teachers' College, 6
Barnard College, 8





The Barnard College Dancing Class

Established 1896

Committee

Elizabeth H. Mapelsden
Annie P. McKenney

Harriette L. Pratt
Annie L. Seward

Members

Frances E. Belcher
Elsa G. Bergen
H. Elizabeth Cutting
Ida M. Demarest
Edith Durant
Mary H. Fisher
Ellice H. Fitch
Mary L. Goldsborough
Mary D. Hall
Adelaide C. Hoffman
May A. Johnson
Florence Lippincott
Hilda L. T. Lockwood
Elizabeth H. Mapelsden

Annie P. McKenney
Christina L. McKim
Mary W. Moyn
Evelyn Osborne
Ruth C. Overton
Eleanor Phelps
Harriette L. Pratt
Jennie F. Preston
Aurélie M. Reynaud
Annie L. Seward
Marguerite Siedler
Florence M. Sill
Elsie L. Totten
Marian G. Townsend

Katharine Van Horne



La Société Française

President . . . Virginia Newcomb
Secretary . . . Stella Frances Kingsbury

Members

Anita Gella Cahn
Elsa P. Campbell
Alice M. Gill
Hilda Emily Josephthal
Jessie Kaufmann
Stella Frances Kingsbury
Lily Logan
Mrs. Louise Maitland
Helen Maitland
Hilda Newborg
Jennie Florence Preston
Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley
Muriel Sait
Edna Simpson
Charlotte Taylor
Laura Knowles Van Cise
Katharine Van Horne
Susan Grimes Walker
Ruth A. Warren
Julia Cooper Watkins
Marie Louise Wehncke



Barnard Orchestra

President

Jennie Florence Preston, '01

Treasurer

Flossy May Oppenheim, '02

Mandolins

Alice Clara Judith Bamberger, '03
Evelyn Groesbeeck Mitchell, Special
Flossy May Oppenheim

Violins

Elizabeth Allen, '02
Eleanor Cushing May, '03
Irma Regina Sterne, '03
Marian Goodall Townsend, '01

Guitars

Clare Mclellan Howard, '03
Jennie Florence Preston, '01
Helen Miles Rogers, '03

Banjos

May Amerman Johnson, '03
Viola Louise Kimball, '02

Piano

E. Olive Dutcher, '02

Π Π Σ

A Secret Society

Founded January, 1900



Jessie A. Addoms

E. Olive Dutcher

Edna L. Fry

Susan M. German

Mary F. Harrison

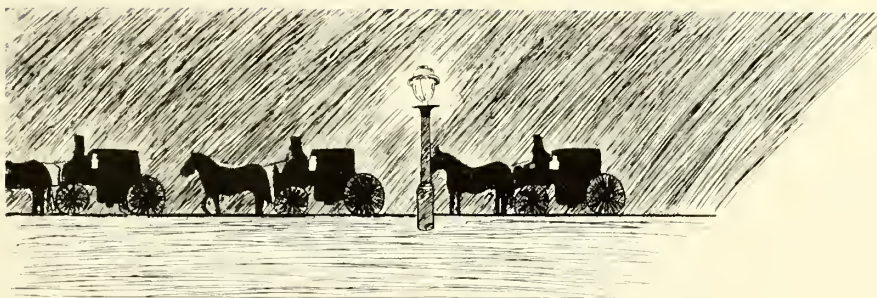
May A. Johnson

Ada B. C. Neiswender

Grace M. Peters

Jeannette R. Seibert

Helen M. Wright



Junior Ball Committee

Janetta Gordon Studdiford, *Chairman*

Elsa Gubner Bergen

Clara Elizabeth Hudson

Hilda Emily Josephthal

Marian Goodall Townsend

Pauline Hamilton Dederer, *ex-officio*





Nineteen Hundred

“ ‘NOW,’ said the walrus, ‘is the time to talk of many things.’ ”

For we are Seniors ; this is our last year of work and play together, the last year in which we may scintillate upon the pages of THE MORTARBOARD and patronize the awed and trembling Freshmen. Horrible idea ! And the worst of it is that, hard as we may try for the amusement of THE MORTARBOARD public, we fail to find in the thought anything amusing. As the full realization of our approaching commencement draws near, we find in it elements almost of the tragic. After all, to graduate from college seems to us, now that we write it, a punctuation mark of no small import in the paragraph of our lives. So, if you will pardon us, we cannot be very merry over it. We are tempted, rather, to chew our pen-handles and gravely indulge in some philosophical reflections.

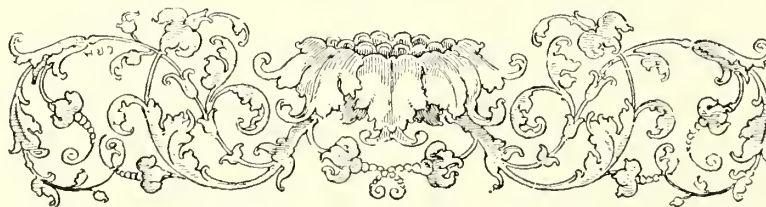
In many ways Nineteen Hundred's has been “ a strange, eventful history.” We were the last Freshmen class to enter under the old curriculum and in the old building on Madison Avenue ; we were present and gave our valuable assistance at the laying of the corner-stone of our new home on the Heights ; and we were the first class to number ourselves with the figures of the new century. In fact, we were not exactly epoch-making, but we certainly were book-marks placed in stirring passages.

At first, I fear, we were a disappointment to our friends. We had the misfortune to follow a phenomenally brilliant class, and the records of our mental achievements posted on the bulletin boards after our first half-year in college were, as compared with those of Ninety-Nine, not exactly awe-inspiring. The trouble was, I think, that in the beginning we took our work too hard. We had such enormous ideas as to what our college work meant that we couldn't digest things properly. We went about, as Thackeray says, with a conviction on our minds that we had a work to do—“ a work, if you like, with a great W ; a purpose to fulfil, a chasm to leap into, like Curtius horse and foot.” And it took us all about a term and a half to discover that we weren't doing anything after all but going to school.

At first, too, we were unmercifully snubbed. The college world regarded us in those early months, I think, as a rag-tag-and-bobtail assortment that was in dire and constant need of suppressing. We did have rather irritating ways. Like the Greeks in the days of Saint Paul, we were always seeking new things. We founded athletic associations, nonsense secret societies, and the like with uninterrupted zeal, and showed a general tendency toward lack of respect for old institutions and precedents. And when old institutions and precedents are not *very* old, this tendency is bound to be an especially annoying one. Then we were so recklessly and obstreperously cheerful! We deserved to be snubbed. But snubbing is often like bread without butter or jam—not especially delicious, but then *so* wholesome.

Speaking of athletics, there is one thing which Nineteen Hundred accomplished for her Alma Mater which it will always be a source of joy for her to remember. In the second year in college she founded the Athletic Association and started a basket-ball team. It is principally due to the energy and faithfulness of one member of the class that the Association remained long enough in existence to be strengthened and cheered by the enthusiastic support of Nineteen-Hundred-and-Two, and to find in the ranks of Nineteen-Hundred-and-Two materials for our present winning team. We do not mean to “pat ourselves on the back,” and we have not taken the public by the buttonhole to tell it of our achievements; but when we think what a strong, growing influence for health and college unity we are leaving behind us in the Athletic Association, we feel like chanting, “*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*”

Not much more remains to be said, and what does remain has often been said before. We have had a very happy four years; we have kept cheerful, and studied our lessons when we weren't too busy; we are fond of one another, and we are sorry to go.





Nineteen Hundred and One

I N the prehistoric days, when we were Freshmen, we used to look forward with naive delight to the time when we should be Juniors. It would be such fun, we fondly thought, to have a Ball of our own and to edit a jolly MORTARBOARD. Now, however, when we have realized the height of our desires, and are "really, truly," Juniors, we fail to appreciate the rich humor of the situation. To get a MORTARBOARD into print just before the exams, when everyone else's brain is neatly pickled in facts, and ours are wrung dry from attempts to evolve something funny from nothing, may have a wildly jocose aspect ; for our part, we can't see anything so very amusing in the subject. Nor is there any humor to be found in getting up a Junior Ball just after the Mid-year's, and in racking one's brain over all sorts of estimates, when one hasn't taken mathematics for three years ; we call it agony.

. Does History repeat itself?
We hope that it does not ;
Two MORTARBOARDS, two Junior Balls,
Would kill us on the spot.

Luckily for us, unlike that terrible skeleton-at-the-banquet, the annual exams, these tasks come once in a college career, and once only.

If we are happy that MORTARBOARD and Junior Ball are not likely to insist on our re-evolving them, there are some events in the history of Nineteen Hundred and One which she would not object to re-live again. Take the Freshman year, for instance, when we were petted and fêted and told we were pretty and sweet and nice and clever, until we dared not use hairpins for fear of exploding our heads. Alas ! that year was all too short ; we became Sophomores and were soon snowed under. Every one now made a rush for the little new-comer, Nineteen Hundred and Two, and got out toys and plays to amuse the " tootsie " with. For our part, we didn't see why this infant should absorb all the attention we had enjoyed in the past. We were just as

nice and pretty and clever as ever, but no one ever told us so now ; it was all Nineteen Hundred and Two. We made up our minds not to pet or love the "little stranger in our midst," and the very first chance we got we tried to show Nineteen Hundred and Two that if her fond mama and elder sisters wanted to spoil her, we did not intend to co-operate. But then, what good did it do? Of course, we had to make it up and give her a party afterward to soothe her wounded feelings.

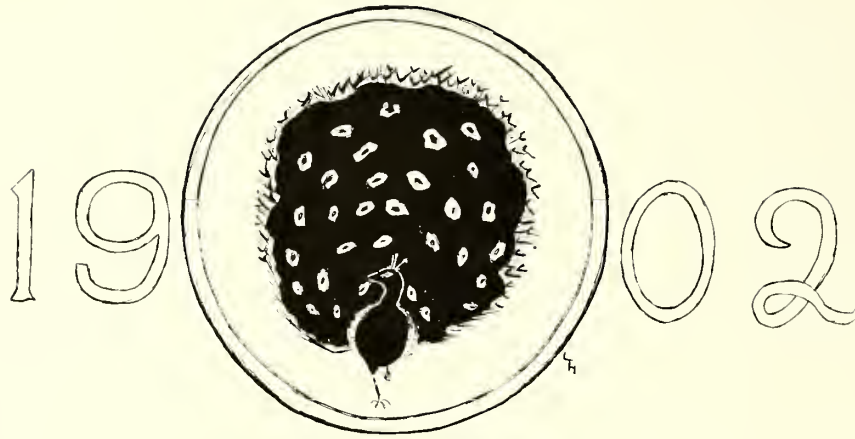
The instructors weren't nice to us, either; they actually expected us to work and translate without trots. Well! At the triumph they were paid off! To see them stand mute at the prisoner's bench and to hear the jury, after weighing the brilliant arguments made *pro* and *con*, pronounce them guilty, was joy, rich joy! And then to see the flames flash up and their arms writhe and curl, and to see them go black in the face—it was a sweet revenge! Toward some we were lenient; they were merely ostracized; we put them on board stately vessels laden with provisions for the voyage, and sent them sailing gaily down the stream, amid joyous cheers. All paid the penalty for their dark deeds save one—the kindly soul who postponed a quiz for our Sophomore play. Him we decided to spare, and at present he is to be found and viewed, on the payment of a small fee, in our class locker. After the bloody scenes of carnage were over, we drank lemonade and ate cake (only, of course, some one had to sit on the famous cake with the class initials on it), and had lots of fun. That, and our most jolly Sophomore spread, were two of the good times we would like to repeat.

One bit of Sophomore fun we did decide to live over again this year—our play, "Ralph Roister Doister." Of course, the cynic predicted a failure, and, of course, as is usual with her predictions, it turned out a great success. It had a fight and a fainting scene in it, and the erratic language (if you ever took English 61 you, of course, will know that "Roister Doister" was the first English comedy), took us back to the scenes of our childhood. Consequently, we all enjoyed it hugely, especially those of us who tacked up the scenery.

After all, MORTARBOARD and Junior Ball excepted, the Junior year is nice—the nicest year in college. There is Psychology A, which develops one's belief in "spooks"; and the marks Professor Hyslop gives us, distributing A's as if they were bad pennies he was anxious to get rid of; and there's the daily theme course, where we learn how to unwrite; and the argumentative course; and biology, where you cut up earth worms, and history, and—the exams and—oh! lots of nice things. And quite the nicest thing of all is that we have known each other for three years and have a year left in which to know each other still better. Nineteen Hundred and One feels that a great deal of nonsense is said about college; she, for one, is not sure that because

she is a college product she is the only worthy object in existence ; but of this she is sure, that the friendships generated here are the most lasting of all the gifts and enjoyments she will take from these halls. If her marks and her knowledge fade away, she has little fear that her recollections, too, will fade ; THE MORTARBOARD room and our circle of ten for one girl, the gym for another, the theatre for a third. Each of us has wound closely in her heart a remembrance which is an indissoluble tie that binds her to her college, to her life here—a tie that makes even the worst pessimist among us glad and proud to have come—not to a college, but to this college; not to a class, but to this class, her class, Nineteen Hundred and One.





Extracts from the Diary of 1902

Friday, April 9th, 1899.

CLASS PLAY.—Throughout all this second term the one topic of our conversation, the one aim of all our efforts, the one thought which has kept us unified as a rhetorical sentence, has been “The ” play—*The Love Chase*. This morning the excitement reached a climax. The cast hurried through the corridors, dodging professors whose courses they were cutting, and assuring curious Sophomores that they were “not a bit frightened—oh, no!” Then, in a moment, it was all over, the work of weeks covered by a red curtain. Not all, however. Surely the friendships we have formed in our rehearsals and in our work together cannot be extinguished by the falling of a curtain.

Friday, April 14th, 1899.

The tea came just in time to save our class. We have not had any excitement for a whole week, and certainly we needed something to divert our minds. We gave a Japanese tea; the theatre was a glimpse of the far East. Prim maidens in kimono distributed refreshments to the mothers and sisters—and brothers. After five the mothers and sisters departed, and soon those who remained were whirling merrily around the theatre in a dance that lasted till long after dinner hour.

Saturday, May 27th, 1899

CLASS LUNCHEON.—The class luncheon seemed to celebrate both our victory over the exam-

inations and our entrance into Sophomore privileges. It was at once our last appearance as Freshmen and our first gathering as Sophomores. If we waxed too warm in the praises of 1902, we should be forgiven; for the example of self-admiration has been set us by those who have gone before. May 1902 always be the last to disregard any tradition of her Alma Mater !

After we had sung and cheered for our illustrious class ; after we had perused some light literature for a protracted period ; after we had wished our class-mates the best of good times during the coming months—we bade an affectionate *au revoir* to Barnard Halls, and parted for the summer.

Wednesday, October 4th, 1899.

Back again ! And what fun it is to meet all the old friends once more. Some are glad to get back, some are regretting the fleeting joys of vacation ; but all are glad to see 1902 again.

Back again, and already the frivolous Sophomores are planning entertainments and plays, and more than one reception to 1903. At the same time the studious Sophomores are looking forward with pleasure to themes, late hours, mid-years, and honors.

Saturday, November 11th, 1899.

To day we gave a spread to 1903—and a merry party it was, too, at least for us. Naturally, the Freshmen were at first awed by us ; but they soon, very soon, recovered from their shyness, and entered into the spirit of the feast and games (especially the former). Of course we had met the Freshmen before. However, as the circumstances had not been propitious for promoting friendly intercourse, we had a feeling—mysterious as it may seem—that the attitude of 1903 toward us was not quite cordial. To day, before we parted, we had installed ourselves in the juvenile mind, at least, as their “ dearest foe.”

Saturday, November 18th, 1899.

To-day we were entertained by our honorary member. No ordinary entertainment was this—no spread, nor tea, nor dance ; nothing so frivolous. Nineteen Hundred and Two was given a *musical*. Not often does a class receive so great a compliment. This *musical* was also our first reunion this winter as a class. What a pleasure it is in these days of many teas to spend an afternoon with one's own friends ! To-day there were no introductions necessary, there was no formality. I do not mean to suggest that college gatherings are not successful—far from it. I love not college less, but Sophomores more.



Pleasantly shone the bright sun on a beautiful morn of October,
 Fresh were the breezes that blew around the stonc coping of Barnard ;
 Fresh were the chemical tubes and fresh was the breakative chalk-po'nt,
 Fresher, far fresher than all, were the shy, unprotected young Freshmen.

Up from all schools, by all roads, from Rochelle the new and from Staten
 Isle where the ferryboat runs, from New York the gay and from Jersey,
 Not Jersey renowned for its cows, but the other one—whence come the milk cans—
 Brooklyn and Morningside Heights, from far, unpronounceable places,
 Came they in cars or on foot, defiant or in trepidation.

Came they with hair that was black, chestnut, or golden, or orange,
 Came they with aquiline noses, with noses retroussé or Grecian,
 Cheeks that were scarlet and white (the class colors chosen beforehand),
 Lips of carnation, from which our flower was most quickly suggested ;
 Laughing or sighing or silent, and clever or stupid or so-so,
 Came they all down to one goal, to the urn-bedecked college of Barnard.

Why should I dwell on the time when they knew not which door was the right one?
 Why should I dwell on the time when they shied at the eye of a Soph'more?
 Days when they crowded the small and close university book store,
 Jostling with rivalry keen, the pallid Columbia student?
 Ah! Those were curious hours, with liveliest interest teeming.



Then came a day when they met a gentleman suave and gray headed.
 Gently their pride he removed by means of rhetorical prowess.
 O! That first theme, an impromptu. Impromptu? Ay, quite unexpected.
 Then for the grim consultations, with fair-haired, facetious young persons,
 Followed by Webster's Abridged and Carpenter's world-renowned Rhet'rie.



Then came a day when they met a gentleman really terrific.
 Rooms he would call polyedrons, he juggled with tables and pointers.
 Mocking, it seemed to us then, when he said that thus looked a plane figure,
 Plain it did not seem to us, though lots of plain-speaking he gave us.

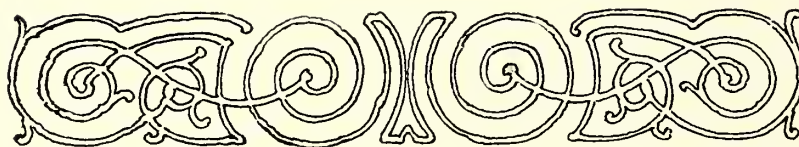


Then came a day when they met a gentleman bluff, bullet-headed,
 Tales of his life he did tell, and of Roman life, not so important.
 Also a savant most grave with a gaze that was cheery yet vacant.
 Greek prose was prosey indeed, and the "Olive Stump," how it did
 stump us!



Followed a time when those Freshmen, enticed by the pen of a Soph'more,
 Rushed down the hall in a body, all squeaking and giggling and tripping,
 Rushed down the hall in a body
 And weren't seen till many hours after.
 What happened? Nobody knows; but they seemed tired out, and one maiden
 Bore on her pretty, pink blouse a suggestion of castor oil drippings.

Past are those cruel days now, and no longer the Freshmen are verdant.
Sunned by the kindness of Seniors and Juniors (but tanned by the Soph'mores)
Hearts (also heads) have expanded. So if, in the college of Barnard
See you the maids who seem best in studies, in teas, in athletics,
Fairest, most brilliant, most proud of their Boreas-buffeted college,
Know that those girls are the Freshmen. They're Nineteen-Three's class, climbing Φῶςδε!





Class Poem

Down where the tranquil river mirrors the sunset glow,
Under the quiet heaven, broad and serene and still,
Far from the city's tumult, rise the loved walls we know,
Halls of our Alma Mater (sing with a right good will).



E - A - R - N | -A-R-D, BAR-NARD | B-A-R-N-A-R-D, E A R - | NARD

Strangers by birth and training—from East and West and North,
And from the sunny Southland, came we together here;
Friends have we lived together—kinswomen fare we forth—
Owning one Alma Mater (loud let it ring and clear).



B - A - R - N | -A-R-D, BAR-NARD | B-A-R-N-A-R-D, E A R - | NARD

Hers be the meed for conquest that the new year may hold—
Hers be our pride and honors in all the coming days—
Hers be the grace to make us loyal and true and bold—
This to our Alma Mater (loud then the chorus raise).



B - A - R - N | -A-R-D, BAR-NARD | B-A-R-N-A-R-D, E A R - | NARD

A Word from the Alumnae

READ AT THE REUNION OF THE CLASS OF '99

A little child, when first he stands alone
And takes a wavering, uncertain step or two,
Looks back, half frightened, to his mother's face,
Half proud of all he's done and means to do.

And many times before he wins his goal,
Before he treads with confidence alone,
He turns to cling about her knee again
Until fresh courage and resolve have grown.

So we--the long, grim journey scarce begun--
Turn from its petty trials and alarms
To seek the strength we know we still may find
Within our Alma Mater's sheltering arms.

Six months has taught us (what we guessed before)
That every burden is the lightlier borne
And every joy the fuller in its gift
For those twin numbers that our hearts have worn.

And so with steadfast thoughtfulness and trust,
Albeit with eyes perhaps a little dim,
We join hands in greeting and repeat
The simple Christmas prayer of "Tiny Tim"--
"God bless us, every one." G. H. G



Sketches

College



Dedication

Oh, sugared, melting dream of dainty brown,
Ye blocks rough hewn in cubes—alas, too small !
In teas, in locker, lunch room, class or hall,
Where is the brow that greets you with a frown ?
'Tis thou that coaxest the rude luncheon down
With promises of blessings yet to fall.
Prunes, apple sauce, canned fruit, baked apples—all
Retire abashed at thine undimmed renown.
From stately Fiske, throughout her lofty halls,
An all-pervading odor steals its way ;
And whence it emanates—who may not judge ?
It heralds that which rules within our walls,
Our sov'reign king, of uncontrôlléd sway :
Almighty, potent, omnipresent, *Fudge*.

The Telephone

9.30 A. M.—Enter Miss White ; main entrance. “ Willie, I expect a telephone call at 10.15. You will find me in the study.”

10.30 A. M.—Telephone bell. Willie at 'phone. “ Yes, this is Barnard. You want Miss White, sir? Hold the wire and I'll get her.”

Five minutes later. “ She's in a class, sir. Tell her to call you up? All right.”

11.20 A. M.—Telephone room. Miss White at 'phone. “ Mr. Gray not in? Why, he told me to call him up. What? Couldn't help it. I was in class. Well, I'll call him at 12.20; that ought to give him time.” Miss White dons wraps and departs for an hour's work at the Library.

12 M.—Telephone bell. Willie at 'phone. “ Miss White? She went out half an hour ago. All right, sir, I'll give her your message.”

12.20 P. M.—Enter Miss White. *Willie*: “ A gentleman called you up a while ago. He told me to say that he couldn't be at the 'phone at 12.20, but will call you at ten minutes past one.” Miss White hurries up to class.

1.05 P. M.—Violent and continuous ringing of telephone bell. Willie in the basement playing leap-frog.

1.10 P. M.—Room 303. Exit of Miss White. Instructor—one of the sensitive kind—looks daggers at her. Miss White waits quarter of an hour for call. Summons Willie, who says that there has been none.

1.25 P. M.—Telephone room. Miss White at 'phone. “ Mr. Gray in? *No!* What is that, couldn't wait? When did he call? Twenty minutes ago! (*Aside*: “ Wait till I find Willie!”) Awfully sorry. I'll try again at 2.30, if he doesn't call me before.”

2.30 P. M.—Telephone room. Miss White impatiently walking up and down. Rings up Central for fourth time. “ That connection still in use?” After ten minutes more prepares to leave room. Bell rings. “ Yes, this is Miss White. I've been trying to get you for over a quarter of an hour. He hasn't come back yet? How very strange! I'll have to give it up for to-day. Good-by.”

3.00 P. M.—Undergraduate study. Enter Willie. “ Miss White, a gentleman was here for you, and waited a quarter of an hour. I couldn't find you anywhere, so he left this note.” *Miss White*—not sweetly: “ Why didn't you look in the telephone room?” Exit of Willie.

Note from Mr. Gray to Miss White: “ I gave up getting you on the telephone, and I had to come up town on business. What Lucy wanted to know last night was if you wanted to go to

the matinée with her to-day." (A sardonic smile from Miss White toward the clock). "I fear it's a little late now, but I've done my duty. Pardon haste."

3.30 P. M.—Cloak room. *Miss White*: "Will one of you girls lend me a quarter to get home with? I've used my last cent in telephoning."

The Lunch Room

THE mad kaleidoscopic whirl has ceased at last, and the lunch room seems to have settled itself and its character for the year. But upon maidens of weaker nerves there is fear that those days have left an undying impression. For that matter, who is there that can forget that time, beginning with the first day of college, on which auspicious occasion the ravenous students were greeted with bare tables, blank counter and, inodorous room! And how—following in quick succession—came, first, the flying apparition of waitresses from Fiske, wildly endeavoring to sandwich our needs between the impatient demands of the boarders next door; next, the startling appearance of the Head of the Hall herself—straight, tall, dignified—doling out soups and meats over the counter; then after a day or so of this calming influence, without warning or preparation, the unheralded onslaught of four white aproned distracted men, tearing aimlessly and recklessly from one clamoring table to another, in a mad Bachhic dance, which entertained, but scarcely fed the hungry audience; and finally, hope—and food—in the reappearance of Gertrude and Sarah, known of old, to minister unto us!

Does this last metamorphosis, then, suggest a refreshing dining-room, dotted here and there with dainty tables, about which circulates low-toned, intellectual table-talk? If so, stand an instant at the doorway of our lunch room, and get the tale aright. The refreshing atmosphere is one of 95° F., redolent alike of sight, sound, and odor. Above the deafening din of voices, rises at times a louder call—a halloo to a friend, a smothered cry for air, or an impatient shriek for "bread," "water," or "dessert." The tables do not dot the floor, for we have no floor—at least, none is visible. Every inch of space is covered with chairs, crushed back to back; tables, jammed side to side. Girls are perched on window-sills dexterously balancing a cup and saucer on one knee, a plate of sandwiches on the other. Girls with strong nerves are perched high on the far end of the counter, skilfully wielding the accoutrements of a regular lunch. Here and there, a chair is being painfully transported on high, threatening chandeliers and heads in its progress. And all the time in the midst of the noise and confusion, the two aproned figures, unconcerned, impenetrable, call up strange dishes from the cavernous depths behind the counter, and then, through the wilderness of chairs and tables skillfully thread their noiseless way—the only quiet objects in the room.

The Dormitory

HISTORY somewhere tells of a certain Egyptian structure—lofty, cold, imposing, and studded with isolated cells—in which a company of recluses practiced a life of lonely devotion. Barring the character of its occupants, this massive edifice was but the prototype of Fiske Hall, with its broad, silent corridors, and wide, white staircases. Fiske is no Dormitory of the old accepted style, where the rooms are so close together that a girl need only to pop her head out of her own door to look into the sanctum of her neighbor; or so thinly partitioned that students carry on conversations through the paper walls. The rooms are thick-walled and isolated. From time to time, a figure steals from a hidden door, like a hermit-crab, and disappears again into some unseen aperture. The halls allow no clatter to be carried down their spacious breadth; if a loud noise *does* by chance occur, it seems distant and hollow; and it reverberates with a dim and mighty sound through the corridors and down the marble stairs.

There is one sound, a ringing and beautiful one, that echoes regularly in this way along the halls—the chimes that announce the meal hour. Then it is that one after another of the students emerge from their retreats and descend to the dining-room. At the doorway, like molecules dancing themselves into shape under a magnifying glass, with an unerring attraction of like unto like, the girls crystallize into groups at the various tables. Over there in the alcove—half hidden—is the exclusive, learned table. In plain view, is a juvenile table of giggling Freshmen; another, a ring of older and more sedate personages; or here, a group of intimate friends—just vivacious, attractive college girls, laughing and chatting together; and there, a brilliant “society” circle—girls well-dressed, good-looking, and conscious of the fact.

Most important of all, is the table where the Head of the Hall takes her meals, and where every night, three girls chosen from the ranks, dine in solemn splendor. Always this table is the first to be deserted; and so the other groups each evening have the opportunity to behold the stately procession of girls march through the hall, on their way to Miss Walker's bright reception-room, where they will chat and have their coffee. Gradually the less-favored ones in the dining-room, too, depart group by group; and separate to their various rooms to grind; or make ready to go out to the theater or a dance; or gather to chat, to “frivol,” or to discourse; or to stay at home to receive callers—according to the pattern by which Nature has cut them out.

The Stairway

ONE FLIGHT UP

Girls of every fashion
Scattered here and there ;
Arm in arm, or singly,
Wandering everywhere.
Voices laughing, calling,
Through the spacious hall ;
But ne'er a bit of silence
Can I detect at all.

TWO FLIGHTS UP

Hushed are the feet on the polished floor,
Hushed the sound of voices gay,
But out from behind each sealed door
Sundry noises make their way.
Tones of ennui, or hesitation,
Tones stentorian, or repressed ;
Voices in patient explanation—
Who the owners? Ye know best.

THREE FLIGHTS UP

All silent ! above and around ;
A mysterious presence I feel.
Hark, from yon chamber—a sound !
'Tis an earth-worm's agonized squeal !
For the secrets of life they are seeking ;
And the chemist's mysterious lore
On H₂S fumes is fast leaking
Through the cracks of yon fast closed door.

The Undergraduate Study

“I THOUGHT they gave us this room to study,” naively remarked a young Freshman as she gathered her books up from the table and made ready to trudge down the hall. She was not complaining at all; she was just wondering.

“Yes, they gave it to us to study human nature in,” a wise Junior rejoined from the depths of the red sofa. And the Junior was right.

The Undergraduate Study is just a smiling, cordial invitation to “Come and talk.” Its two broad, southern windows that look upon the busy trafficking river, the doings of Columbia across the way, and the college court where enter all the notables, all day long, let the sunlight pour in great patches upon the warm red and oak of the room. Here are the rows of individual cubby-holes, stuffed with every conceivable kind of paper and book, whither girls are constantly rushing to find some needed article before hurrying to class. Here is the generous bulletin-board, all fluttering with important news and notices, the subject of much crowding and many discussions. And here’s where the girls gather in great bunches, all talking and none listening—in true social fashion.

As for studying, who ever thought of honestly grinding in the study? True, you will see many girls with open books. But they are always in groups doing the sociable studies—physics, mathematics, or translations—that thrive best when done in partnership. But did anyone ever plan a rhetoric brief here? Did anyone ever cram for an examination? Not a bit of it. The studying that we do here is of such a kind that it often summons from the adjoining room—the grim Senior’s den—some individual who entreats or commands (as her temperament suggests) that we be less zealous. Nothing in college life that has ever had a definite issue, it is safe to say, was planned in the Study. The Study was made to chat, not to conspire; to grumble about exams., not to cram for them. It was made to have people in it, to have them perched on tables, sofa, sills—anywhere. At the close of the short, winter afternoons, when alight, it is cheerful and inviting, even with the few that are present at such a time. But in the day time—at noon, when lectures are scarce—then it is unnameable, individual. It is, in the words of the learned Professor James, of whom we have all heard, or will hear, “One big, blooming, buzzing confusion.”*

* James’ *Psychology*, p. 16.

The Reading-room

AND here we have everything that the study has not. All is cool, and green, and suggestive of retirement. The room never asks for sunlight, for it keeps its face to the north. It, too, boasts two large windows, but they are shaded by heavy green curtains that subdue even the pale northern light as it enters; and the broad sheet of river upon which they look, runs straight into the quiet country beyond. No busy life is there.

The Reading-room is not conducive to general conversation. If a person laughs aloud, everyone starts in astonishment, and glances about half fearfully. Around the heavy, dark, polished center-table, students sit with intent faces; else they have betaken themselves to the smaller individual tables, or the green, cushioned couches, there to surround themselves with books taken from the shelves that line the wall. There is but one entrance to the Reading-room. And when that one folds together, it fairly pushes from your mind the life without, and incloses you within scholarly, unbroken silence.

You do not need to bother your head about a pretext for interrupting a girl who is headed for the Undergraduate Study. But if you meet a girl, book in hand, bound for the Reading-room, do not intercept her unless you have something of importance to communicate. She is on business, else she would not choose the one spot in Barnard which demands always, unfailingly, to be taken seriously.

Résumé.

I thought I heard a monster's groans
 Arising through the floor ;
I paused again, and knew it was
 The basement lunch room's roar—
" If words could only kill," said I,
 " What quantities of gore ! "

I thought I saw a student's shelf
 With volumes one, two, three—
I looked again and saw it was
 The Barnard library—
" If this were all we read," said I,
 " What horrors we should be ! "

I thought I saw a courier
 Ridiculously small ;
I looked again and saw it was
 The infant in the hall—
" If we depend on this," said I,
 " We'll get no help at all. "

I thought I saw a shelf, a chair,
 A long and shining table ;
I looked again, and saw the
 Under-Grad-Room
 Known to fable—
" 'Tis Genius studies here," said I,
 " No other would be able ! "

I thought I saw a tale of woe
 Collegiate, writ in bluing ;
I looked again—from five years off—
 And saw small cause for ruing—
" When all our bluffs are bluffed," said I,
 " 'Twas rather well worth doing. "

A Student's Garden of Verses*

Bed (?) in Winter



In Summer I sleep all the day,
And can't resist, try as I may.
In Spring, in Winter, and in Fall,
I never go to bed at all.

I never go to bed, although
All prudent maidens should, I know.
And morning finds me, unaware,
Asleep, all twisted in my chair.

And does it not seem hard to you
To have to grind the whole night through,
In Spring, in Winter, and in Fall,
And never go to bed at all?

At the Exam

When I set out for a degree,
A book in pink they gave to me,
With pages white and clear.
My brain was empty, like a cup,
And yet I filled that book all up ;
Now don't you think that's queer?



* For source of inspiration, see Robert Louis Stevenson, *Child's Garden of Verses*, pp. 3, 6, 9, 21, and 34.



Whole Duty of Freshmen

A Freshman should always say what's true,
And speak when she is spoken to.
And when she is a Sophomore,
Sport cap and gown—but not before.

Looking Forward

The year before I graduate
I'll be a Senior, proud and great ;
I'll never come to Barnard then,
But have *my* lessons with the men.



System

Every night my work I do,
First the advance, then the review.
For breezy bluffs I've never cared,
Nor ever answered, " Unprepared."

Then twice a year, serene and calm,
Amid despair and wild alarm,
I wait to hear the others say,
" Oh, look ! She's got another A !"



A Suggestion

Gin a Senior see a Senior
When the year's half through ;
Gin a Senior meet a Senior,
What's the girl to do ?

THE old familiar rhyme is fraught with deadly import. The Seniors in question are—one of Barnard, the other of Columbia. The premises are, that for weeks or months, as it happens to be, these two Seniors from opposite sides of the Boulevard have been classmates. Week in and week out they have breathed the same erudite atmosphere ; they have been subjected to the same soporific influence in lectures ; they have taken sides with or against each other in class discussions ; when the excitement has waxed more lively, they have talked furiously at each other, forgetting for the moment that the figure at the desk in front is the proper medium for all their conversation. She has asked a question which he, with official encouragement from the desk, gallantly engages to answer. She has complained that the room was warm, and he has risen chivalrously to open the window. They have learned to know each other's voices, the fiber of each other's mind, the value of each other's questions. And yet, when, after months of this intellectual communion they meet, she must diligently gaze in the opposite direction ; or, failing to find a sufficient excuse for this, she must stare him in the face, impassive and unmoved.

With the instructor alone rests the solving of the problem ; in his hands he holds the reins of power. Let him, with humane and commendable intention, start each course with an informal reception, somewhat after the order of a Barnard tea, to each of his classes. Launched under these benign auspices, the Senior year will be divested of its chief and most intricate difficulty ; and the demands of conventionality and natural instinct will forever after coincide—much to the relief and felicitation of all concerned.

Worth Thinking Over.

The modern world was all agog,
The scientists were all aflame ;
The tidings spread from Greece to Quogue,
A marvel through the forest came !
A bird so all unknown, so strange,
As quite escaped the doctors' range.

Whereat the others, " Fine, indeed !
That's just the thing unprecedented,
Geese do NOT come here ; hence our creed—
It's not a goose. We have invented
A name to fit it, sir ; and this—
[The scribe forgets] . . . horribilis."

There was one doctor, it is true
(He met with well-deserv'd abuse),
Who thought that it was nothing new—
An ordinary, barnyard goose—
Though he admitted, geese did not
In general, frequent that spot.

The one, not properly subdued
By this majority report,
Indulged in laughter long and rude—
They fined him for contempt of court—
And wrote long essays, page on page—
" The greatest problem of the age ! "

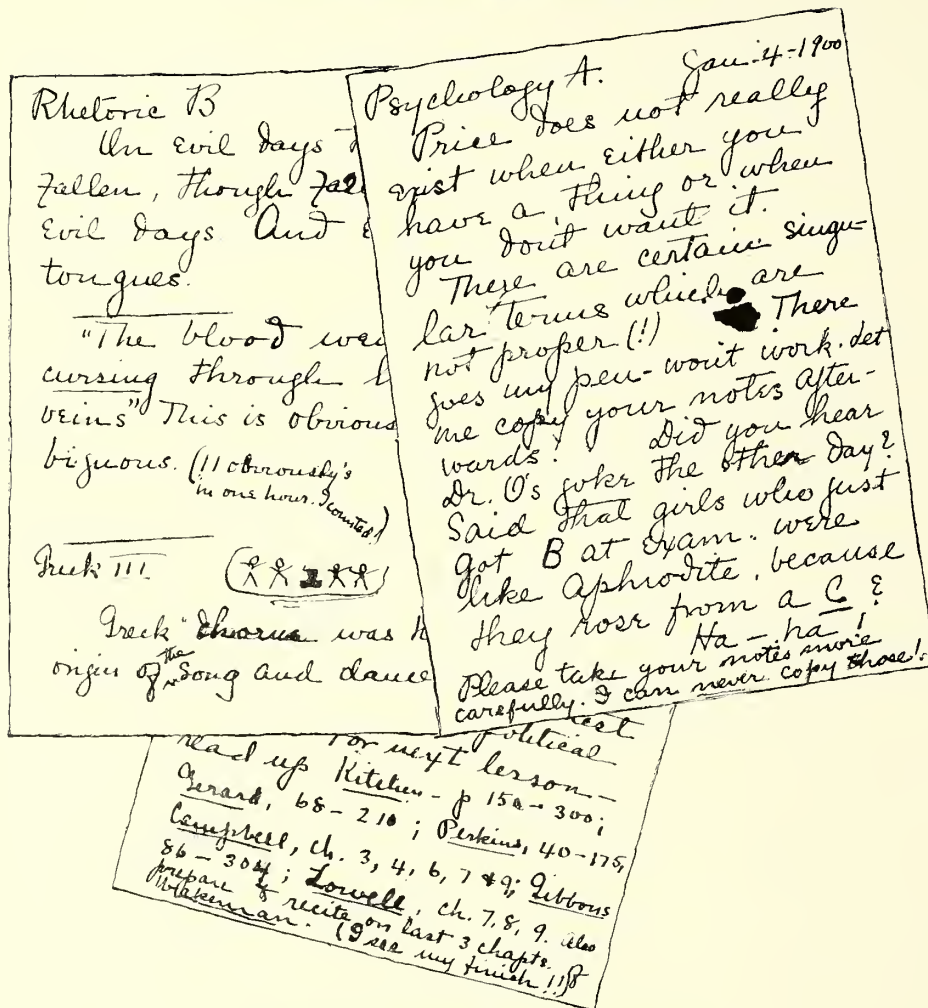
And this might still be going on
Had not misfortune brought surcease ;
The unknown fowl, a-traveling gone,
Fell in among a lot of geese.
The scientists, who knew it best,
Could never tell it from the rest !

ENVOY.

This bit of scientific knowledge
We dedicate to Barnard College.

True lovers of Browning will not require to have their attention called to the touch of the master in this poem. As in all his works, the point hidden in these verses, when once found, will prove worthy the search.

Leaves from a Note Book



Prize Puzzle Department

1. Why is a student who elects Rhetoric C like one who chooses a seat in the library in front of the Philosophy shelves?
2. What is the difference between a Columbia Freshman and a rhetoric instructor at Barnard?
3. Spell Latin B with four letters.

[For answers see page 94]

The Tale of a Soft Gray Hat

[Certain elements of this story may seem familiar to certain members of this college. In explanation the author would say, that to check the existing tendency toward dramatizing all stories, she has undertaken to introduce a movement to storyize dramas. In other words, the following tale is but the Freshman play of 1901, presented in new guise.]

ON the heights of Morningside the elements were having full swing. The rain, driving straight from the river, was taking full advantage of struggling humanity and collapsed umbrellas; and the wind was doing much as it pleased—in the masterful way which it always assumes around Barnard. Within the college building the half-past nine bell had just sounded—in consequence of which fact the locker-room was filled with scrambling, bedraggled girls, hurrying to get to recitation.

“Oh! This is too awful!” a breathless newcomer gasped in greeting, dropping her books in a heap on the floor.

“Yes, it must have been pretty awful for you, Grace,” came a voice from the hall, half smothered in laughter. Its owner quickly followed with further information. “Girls, if you had only seen Grace and that man chasing their papers down the road together!”

Half a dozen curious voices demanded the news. But Grace interposed.

“Don’t trouble yourself, Edith; I’ll explain,” she said, in tones not altogether joyous. And then, making her way over to the mirror, went on: “It’s all due to this dreadful wind. A terrible gust came along just as I was getting out of the car. I had all my books to manage, and was trying to escape a big puddle—when, bang! something hit me across the face—and there I was in darkness, snuffed like a candle! What did I do?” she echoed in answer to a volley of questions, rapidly pulling out hairpins in the meanwhile. “Why, of course, I tried to get the thing off, and consequently dropped half my books. And just then I heard somebody gasping like a fish, and the thing was jerked off. And what was it but a man’s hat—one of those soft gray affairs—that had blown right over my face!”

Amid a most unsympathetic shriek of laughter, Grace hurried to her locker to collect her books. “Oh, yes!” she exclaimed; “you may well laugh, but it wasn’t so funny for me. It was worse for him, though,” she added, with a chuckle. “You should have seen

how flustered he was as he scrambled after my papers and dropped his! Edie came along just as we were chasing 'em together. I saved my theme, anyhow." She sought among her books a moment and drew it out. "Here, Edith—won't you drop it in the box? And first see if I wrote my name on it. I forget if I did. I'm fearfully late for class now." Tossing the theme to Edith, Grace disappeared down the hall, just in time to catch the elevator in its upward flight.

Edith proceeded leisurely upstairs, writing her friend's name on the outside of the theme as she went. Somewhat later she slid it, along with her own, into the capacious theme-box, where it settled itself with its usual satisfied flutter. And, had the Fates but minded their own affairs, the whole proceedings of the morning would speedily have become ancient history.

But it came out otherwise. When Grace entered the familiar little room next afternoon for Rhetoric consultation she found the instructor seated at the table, as usual, sorting themes. The spirit of consultation was in the very air.

"I see, Miss Marvin, that you have taken to having your work typewritten," he remarked by way of prelude as Grace sat down.

"Yes. I think it is much preferable. Don't you?" she replied.

"I certainly do," he agreed. Then continued: "This is a personal experience you have given me, Miss Marvin? I think that is what I required for this theme?"

"Oh, yes!" responded Grace promptly. "It happened a year ago last autumn."

"Is that so? Certainly a very unusual experience for a young lady," he answered. "And you seem to have quite a variety of styles at your disposal. This is not at all like your last theme."

"No?" said Grace, wonderingly. When she wrote it she had thought it was peculiarly her style. But then, she considered, no one can count on the vagaries of the Rhetoric Department.

"The descriptions are particularly good," he went on. "They have an out-of-door freshness that is most exhilarating."

"Yes?" she echoed, stupidly, not quite comprehending. She had not remembered writing a word of outdoor life.

"I think, however, as I have written in the criticism," Dr. Newell continued, "that the narrative itself, though thrilling and exciting certainly, is a bit overdrawn."

Grace looked at him in complete bewilderment, and vainly racked her brains to recall a sentence in her quiet little story that could be called exciting.

"But to take it up in detail," he went on, placing the theme for her to see, "let us look at

this first paragraph. As I have indicated, there is a—— Why! Miss Marvin, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, interrupting himself at a muffled shriek from Grace, who had leaned over and caught sight of the title—one new and strange and wonderful in her eyes—"A Bear Hunt."

For a moment, completely mystified, she was unable to answer. Then the truth flashed through her mind—the mishap of the morning, the scrambling for papers, the hasty separation. Of course it could be nothing else. This was the theme of the man with the soft gray hat! Simultaneously with this grasp of the situation came the grim determination to see the thing out to the bitter end rather than relate a tale which Grace knew would become Columbia Sophomore news in a day—and such news, for her!

"No, nothing's the matter," she stammered. "I only thought I saw—er—a spider crawling across the paper."

"Do you really think you had better go on with the consultation, Miss Marvin?" inquired the instructor in a grave voice.

"Why—why shouldn't I? Of course I can," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Oh!" said the man, meekly, and continued to read the theme.

"'Tom Ridley was a man about my own age whom I had met early in the summer.'"

Grace began to wriggle uncomfortably.

"'He was an experienced hunter, and I was only too glad to accept his proposition of a three-day hunt—with a guide of course. I had my Remington magazine, and he a smaller gun of 48-caliber. We stowed away provisions enough for four days, and then the three of us started off for the wilds.'"

The instructor paused a moment, as if to let the effect sink in, and then remarked: "Up to here the paragraph is all well enough, but now it begins to lose coherence. You follow?" he added.

Grace, with half averted head and very red face, murmured, "Yes." He went on. "'About half a day out we caught sight of crushed and trampled underbrush in a straight track that told its own story. The brute had passed that way.

"'We were beginning to be a bit fagged out and hot. Long before this I had rolled my coat into a bundle and had proceeded thenceforth in my shirt sleeves.'"

The instructor paused for a possible remark from the author; but receiving none, proceeded

"'Tom was all for stopping to have a smoke. But I knew—and the guide promised—that the broken underbrush meant business. So each lighting a cigarette, we pushed on.'"

The sufferer scraped her feet on the floor in her stress of agony. But he mercilessly read further.

"'And sure enough, before we had gone a quarter of a mile we came to an open stretch,

broken with heavy rocks and hills; and there, clear up against the sky, on a boulder, stood the gentleman himself, but much too far off to risk a shot. A swift mountain stream was rushing past our feet.

“ ‘Tom started to look for a fallen tree or something to cross on. But it seemed a ridiculous waste of time; so I sat down and began to pull off my shoes and stockings, calling to him to hurry and do likewise.’ ”

With a quickly smothered groan, Grace glanced furtively at Dr. Newell, and caught him looking at her with a glance she could not fathom.

“ Do you get my point about the structure? ” he asked, calmly; and—she felt—icily.

Words were out of the question. She nodded; and then in agony sat waiting for the end, wondering each minute what awful thing was coming next.

When at last the familiar words were spoken: “ Well, let me have it rewritten next Tuesday,” she arose feeling branded forever in his eyes. Without daring to look at him she rushed from the room to pour her troubles into the ears of her sympathizing friends. The only gleam of brightness that relieved the tragic gloom of the situation came when some one happened to ask the title of the theme that the man had on his hands, and Grace with fierce triumph announced: “ A Dressmaking Experience in Pratt Institute.”

Grace was interrupted in the midst of her triumphal chant by the appearance of Willie.

“ Miss Marvin! ” he demanded in his small, imperious voice.

Grace obediently looked up.

Willie came forward with a card, announcing: “ There’s a gentleman in the reception-room to see you.”

“ A-ha! My cousin from over the way,” remarked Grace with a glance at the card. “ Come down with me, will you Ede, and see what he wants this time of day,” and she pulled the rather reluctant Edith with her along the hall and down the stairs.

Tom Marvin was looking out of the window as the girls entered the room. Grace noticed with concern, a strange sort of convulsion that seemed to shake his shoulders spasmodically.

“ Tom, aren’t you well? ” she exclaimed, hurrying forward. Tom turned in what was really a very rude manner, and simultaneously all Grace’s fears for his health fled.

“ How-dye-do, Miss Warner—heard the joke? Best of the season! ” Another convulsion. “ Grace, I’d never have thought it of you—didn’t think it was in you,” he went on in an unsteady voice.

"Sit down and don't be silly, and tell me what you want, Tom," said Grace, drawing up a chair.

"How can you be so serious?" he asked in mild surprise. "Grace, my revered cousin, is it your aim in life, then, to teach Columbia Sophomores to make their own clothes? Oh, yes! I'm perfectly sane," he continued with forced gravity, as she glared wonderingly at him. "In fact, I've come here on missionary work to-day." Then, suddenly, "Grace; why *do* you choose such impossible theme subjects?"

Speechless, she listened to him touch the sorest topic of the day, for her. Then, as the horrible truth burst upon her, she sprang up and clutched him by the shoulder.

"Tom—tell me—my *theme*! Do you mean that? What do you know? Oh! I've had an awful time!"

"No worse than poor Bill, I'll bet," replied Tom, leaning back in his chair and showing symptoms of a renewed attack. "If you could only hear the things he's been talking to Newell about—ballèt-somethings——"

"Balieuse," suggested Edith.

"Perhaps—I guess so, and some sort of musical instrument that——"

"Maybe accordion-pleats?" interposed Edith again.

"Never mind all that," interrupted Grace, who had just found her voice. "But tell me," giving Tom a shake, "what that man means by using a theme with *my* name on it!"

"P'rhaps it *was* a bit cool. But, you see," explained Tom, calming her down, "he'd had two late themes already. And Newell vowed he wouldn't accept another—and Bill didn't feel like going into explanations; and you know *you're* glad he didn't. So he just scratched off your name and wrote his own. He didn't stop to look inside—if he had he'd never have done it—Oh, Lord!" and off Tom went again.

"Calm down, Tom, and tell me——" began Grace.

"I can't," he exploded, "when I think of the criticisms on the thing and Newell's remarks—and Bill's answers and every——"

"Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me who 'Bill' is?" interposed Grace, with dignity.

"Why, just so. That is just what I came here for!" Tom exclaimed, with a dawn of intelligence lighting up his face. "Well, Bill is Mr. William Carter. And having made the unpardonable mistake of giving in a theme on dressmaking, and having to rewrite the same with many changes, he has asked me to appeal to you to help him."

"Well, he won't get it," snapped Grace.

"Now, my dear," began Edith. But Tom broke in :

"Oh, yes, he will. I'm going to bring him to the tea to-morrow, and you're going to meet him, and have a lovely time. You know, he'll help you out a lot on yours, too," he added, suggestively.

"Well, all right. I'm willing," Grace agreed, slowly. "I'll keep watch for you, theme in hand, I suppose."

"That's a dutiful cousin," replied Tom, rising, with an approving smile. "Now I've done my duty, I must get back to the class. Don't forget to freshen up your dressmaking ideas a bit, Grace." And, with a parting chuckle, Tom disappeared.

Next day at the tea Grace kept a sharp watch for her cousin in the crowd. Toward the end of the evening he appeared, accompanied by a man whom Grace at once recognized with a pang—although no soft gray hat was there to identify him. Tom introduced the two, and saw them duly settled in the alcove, themes in hand. Then, catching sight of a certain face near the door, he precipitously left them, concocting a fiendish scheme as he went.

Meanwhile, the discussion in the alcove was waxing hot and furious. Papers were being shuffled like a pack of cards, and strange terms of hunting and dressmaking were blending in stranger mixtures. Suddenly, in the most exciting moment of the campaign, a familiar voice smote on the two over-taxed brains.

"I wouldn't trouble too much about those themes, if I were you," it said. And the startled pair looked up, straight into the face of Dr. Newell himself, with Tom directly behind, grinning wickedly.

The instructor held out to the unhappy pair two theme cards, dated just two weeks back. On one was inscribed, "A Dressmaking Experience in Pratt Institute," by Grace Marvin; on the other, "A Bear Hunt," signed, William Carter.

"When did you think of looking at those cards?" demanded Carter, inwardly furious at his complete forgetfulness of them.

"They have been on my desk ever since I received them, two weeks ago," answered Dr. Newell.

"And that—that *awful* consultation?" gasped Grace.

"I enjoyed it beyond words," suavely replied the instructor.

F. L. S.

Another Point of View

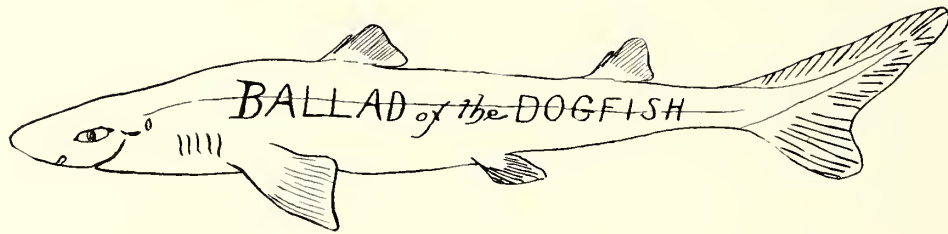
No doubt, I am a funny freak!
To judge from what I hear,
For me to like to do my work
Must certainly be queer.

The girls around me all declare
That study they abhor.
I sometimes wonder—on my word—
What did they come here for?

I love to watch a test-tube boil
And find what there is in it.
And oh—what joy to write a theme,
When once you can begin it!

It's howling fun to work at "Trig,"
And wriggle out your curves.
While taking notes in History A
Is tonic for the nerves!

In short, I like to study; and
Still worse, still more unique—
I don't object, in this respect,
To seem a funny freak!



DEDICATED TO ZOÖLOGY II.

The dogfish sat in the formaline jar
And chuckled aloud in glee;
“ I’ll have high jinks with these Barnard girls
Before I am done,” quoth he.

“ For I am a giddy elasmobranch
(Though bereft of my caudal fin),
And to plague the ladies who cut me dead
Could scarcely be deemed a sin.”

So the while his helpless victims drew
His “ systems,” one by one,
He waxed more strong in his deadly might
With the passing of each day’s sun.

And their cheeks grew pale as bit by bit
They carved at the dogfish grim,
For carving had no repressive effect
On what there was left of him.

The weary days dragged slowly by—
With Forks that class ate bread ;
If they took the windward side of a friend
That friend, instant, fled ;

Till naught was left of the dogfish bold
Save a blithe, expansive smile,
And a brain, the source of some score of nerves,
And full of exceeding guile.

But the smile waxed broad as his victims walked
Shunned, outcast, down the street ;
And at last, as the small boy swept him up,
He murmured, “ Revenge is sweet.”

G. H. G.



A Bit of Advice

IF you are a guest at a tea, a new Freshman, or a stranger of any sort in our midst, abide by these words of advice ! Never, on any occasion, trust that your own keenness of perception will enable you to discover the class of a student.

For if, gauging your opinion by the fair, smiling countenance of your listener, you ask in your guileless way, "Is this your Freshman year?" the face before you grows cold and scornful, and the voice replies in withering accents, "I am a *Senior!*" On the other hand, if you think to flatter a girl by saying confidently, "You are a Senior, I presume?" the effects, should she chance to be anything else, are terrific. Seniority implies plus four years, remember!

The only safe course to pursue is to take for granted that everyone you meet is a Junior. A Senior is but slightly offended at such an inaccuracy. A Sophomore is highly flattered. A Freshman, placed in this position, would be amazed, astounded, but most likely, pleased. And a Junior will congratulate you on your perspicuity. Thus, in any case, is your nervous system protected from an unexpected shock.

Answers to Puzzles

1. Because she turns her back upon reason.
2. None.
3. S-n-a-p.

Biographies

“Lives of great men all remind us—”

GET-CALMED-DOWN O'TELL

SPRUNG from a long line of ancestors devoted to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Mirror of Fashion*, it is hardly to be wondered at, that from the very first, Get-Calmèd-Down O'Tell showed a marked bent toward literature. His mother reports that his first conscious act, as such, was to reach for a bottle of red ink and some theme paper. Professor James doubts whether this was simply a reflex act or not; yet, in connection with the fact that this motion was immediately followed by the child's scrawling weird hieroglyphics, similar to instructors' comments on themes, there is every reason to suppose that full consciousness existed. A few days later, little O'Tell spoke his first word, “obviously,” in a tone distinct and emphatic. His fond parents at once realized that a brilliant future as a rhetoric instructor in Barnard awaited their gifted babe.

With this object in view his education was thenceforth seen to with “loving care.” His master in Rhetoric taught him, without much trouble, the beauties of obscurity and how to say nothing in five thousand words. As an evidence of his precocity, it is only necessary to state that, even before entering Columbia College, he had mastered his noble art to such a degree that he could write an essay of ten thousand words without expressing even a ghost of an idea. Of course, his college career was assured. In the classroom his time was spent in practicing a soulful expression and reading “THE MORTARBOARD” on the sly. His thesis on “The Art of Euphemism; or, How to

Please Young Ladies," first brought him before the attention of the faculty. It was recognized that here was a man exactly suited to teach women the gentle art of mediocrity. He was sent to Barnard, where he won great distinction among the young women; partly because of his looks, partly because of his habit of telling each student that she was doing the best work in the class. His lectures were interesting in the extreme. "Do I make myself clear"? and "Of what am I thinking"? his stock favorites, joined to a liberal store of quotations from Matthew Arnold, carried him through all difficulties. It was the proud boast of the College that he was wholly unintelligible in class, and almost as bad out of it. Like all instructors, he left behind him two books in manuscript, one entitled "The Art of Criticism in Adverbs; or, How? Why? Where? When?" the other, "How to Make Others as Able as Yourself."

Mr. O'Tell met his fate in a somewhat unusual and altogether heart-rending fashion. One afternoon he might have been seen entering his sanctum in Fayerweather Hall, carrying under one arm a bundle of themes, under the other, 756 bottles of red ink with which obviously to correct them. In no happy frame of mind Mr. O'Tell slammed the door to and strode toward the desk. Opening a bottle of ink and a theme he proceeded to his task. At last he came to a theme which he read over and over, and then applied his microscope to—but in vain—it was faultless, punctuated with loving care, idealess. Strong sobs shook the manly form of Mr. O'Tell, also the table, also the ink bottles, which joggled to the edge and fell in a mad crash. Floods of red ink began pouring from 756 bottles simultaneously—billow after billow surged around more distractingly than his own comments. The engulfing, gory sea rose higher and higher, until a mighty mountain of red, towering, avenging, hung over him. Too late, alas! he awoke to his doom. With a mad, despairing cry, choked by floods of ink, he cried:

"On evil days though fallen.

Though fallen on evil days and evil tongues,"

and died.

JERRY RAGTOE CHURCHBELL

Following the east coast of the United States, and turning to your left when you have reached Greenland, the second island on the right-hand side will be the "Island of the Prah-digees,"* now renowned as the birthplace of Jerry Ragtoe Churchbell.

* To be pronounced *Prō-di-gies*.

In his early childhood Churchbell was in no way remarkable ; nor did he then evince any tendency toward those masterly qualities which have since gained him the homage of a nation—nay, of a world ! His graduation essay concerning the “ Effect of Greek Rhythm upon the Course of the Gulf Stream ” which he wrote in his fifth year, although it was creditable, was in no wise distinguished above the productions of his companions. In fact, the only remarkable tendency which he early displayed was the desire to write Greek verses on the soles of his shoes and the back of his collars, and then to recite them while whirling rapidly about on the post of his bedstead. His parents bent every energy toward conquering this inclination—both on account of the increased laundry bills brought about by this propensity for writing, and the physical danger incurred by his methods of recitation. Arguments, threats, and warnings were lost upon him. For the first nine years of his life he continued in this erratic course.

Toward the close of his tenth year he obtained a Government position in his native State—his parents having procured it for him with an eye to diverting his attention from the composition of Greek verse. But their fond hopes were futile. At the next change of administration, when the ruling party assumed control and placed their adherents in the various offices, it was brought to light at the examination of the Government records and books that, in place of usual reports, the records of every department for the past year had been made in metrical Greek, with frequent citations from Thucydides and Herodotus by way of precedent, for certain courses of action. The official dismay at this state of affairs may be easily imagined, and the Government promptly severed all connection with the diffuser of so pernicious an influence.

For awhile Churchbell could find no congenial employment. Shortly after his twelfth birthday, however, a position was offered him in an Institute for the Higher Destruction of Women. This offer presented a very fair prospect; but for a long time Churchbell's parents were opposed to the scheme, on account of the situation of the Institution in the uncultivated town of New York. Finally, however, he accepted, and was assigned the chair in the subject of “ Greek Poetry Applied to Sargent's Gymnastics.” There the trend of Churchbell's genius definitely asserted itself. He opened a practically new vista of possibilities to lovers of the science, and established uncontrovertibly the intimate connection between Greek verse and gymnastics.

When he had spent five years in giving object lessons and practical illustrations with lectures in this science, and had drawn the attention of the world to his marvelous endowments, suddenly, in the height of his brilliant career, the hand of the Destroyer cut him off. His death occurred in the following tragic manner : He was citing an extract from Euripides, and, as was his custom, proceeded to quote parallel passages from other poets all at the same instant. In this

case, led on by his enthusiasm, he attempted in one breath to quote from Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Virgil, Dante, Goethe and Alfred Austin. The mass of words was too great for even his infinite capacity, and, in a rush of inarticulate sounds, he strangled.

The place occupied by Churchbell in the world of culture is perhaps a unique one. The founder of a new school of thought, the diffuser of a deep and wide influence, his talents were yet so individual and peculiar that no one has yet been found who, in any way, has proved capable of carrying on his work.

JEREMY HILLSLIDE

Somewhat analogous to the case of a certain blind bard of old, no less than seven countries claim the honor of being the birthplaces of Jeremy Hillslide. The controversy seems to be without solution. His parents are useless as a source of information, for, terrified beyond words at the startling idiosyncrasies of their baby, they hastened to place him in charge of the Society for Infantile Research, and having accomplished this act, they disappeared permanently from human eyes.

Although his origin is thus shrouded in mystery, his own remarkable memory, combined with the records of the society, provide a detailed account of his life from infancy. The very first day in school he astounded his teacher by answering, when she asked him whether he could see the blackboard on which she was working sums, that he thought he saw it, but he could not say surely that there was any blackboard there at all. Not long after, when, in the Physiology class, he was asked to explain the structure of the brain; he startled his instructor by stating that he really couldn't say positively that he had a brain; as a matter of fact, he said, he did not doubt that he had one; but he could not be sure that it was so—he could only infer it.

He continued to grow rapidly, developing an inquiring and thoughtful turn of what may be called mind. Early in manhood he began his struggle with that ever troublesome and present foe of mankind, the collar,* and soon discovered a novel plan for overcoming his difficulties. He found that by closing his eyes tight, and then grasping viciously at his collar, he could fasten it on the button behind. This wonderful invention he makes use of to the present day.

And so he passed on from youth to manhood, developing ever three characteristics of his nature—materialism, socialism, and spiritualism. At length he was called to undertake the guidance of youth in a remote country, and in one of its mighty institutions of learning he faithfully discharged his many arduous duties. He taught his distressed pupils how the world was not, and

* For the truth of this statement consult "Classes That Have Been." See also Jeremy Hillslide, "His Memoirs by Himself."

how mind might be and soul not, and then how soul might be and matter not ; and then, to give variety to this language, how both might not be, and how everything might be nothing, and how if everything were nothing, nothing must be everything, and so things could not exist, and yet they must exist. Then he gave them instruction in walking with one eye on the moon and the other on the sidewalk, and showed them how green might be yellow and how fingers didn't move when they did.

Of late he has become very popular at a certain large house, where he is frequently surrounded for an hour at a time by a bevy of maidens who listen in rapt attention to his miraculous tales.

Lately, by chance, he has come upon a discovery which may change his future career and revolutionize education. It has been his custom to place his students under hypnotic influence in order to test certain theories. By some strange coincidence it always resulted that these students whom he had hypnotized passed examinations with the highest honors. A careful investigation of this phenomenon disclosed the fact that the subject, while in this condition, received premonitions of the coming examination questions. Frequent experiment established this fact uncontrovertibly, and for the past year Professor Hillslide has been absolutely unable to respond to the demands which have poured in upon him from every college in the country. When he has systematized his work, it is to be hoped that Professor Hillslide will be able to devote his energies to this most lucrative and humane employment, thus filling a need that has long been felt in all our colleges. Should this come to pass, as seems probable, the downfall of publishers and booksellers is pre-ordained; for the necessity of trots will have vanished.

Rogues' Gallery*

E. H. B.

“ To say the ‘system needs repose’
Is not the way to represent it.
The crowning joy of manhood’s life
Is sleep ! ” said Master (and he meant it).



W. T. B.

“ Words, words, words ! ” he cried,
When he saw in despair—
Two thousand three hundred and ten daily themes
Piled up in a heap on the chair.

H. J. B.

His hand did thump, his hand did pound,
He stamped his foot upon the ground.
He climbed the chair, he pulled his hair,
And gaily spun himself around.



*In deference to the extreme modesty of some of the criminals, the authorities have refrained from publishing their photographs. Certain individuals have even been seen jumping the bushes in the court, in order to escape the all-devouring eye of the camera.



A. C.

“ Just the place for a nap ! ” the Master cried,
As he scanned the class with care ;
“ Barnard is dull—— ” here he heavily sighed—
“ So slumber I will, I declare ! ”

P. G. C.

“ A little sense,” the Master cried,
“ Is what you chiefly need ;
Logic and evidence besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, pupils, dear,
You can begin to plead.”



J. B. C.

“ Find me another man,” he cried,
“ So clean, and trim, and neat,
With pretty bow, so nicely tied,
And such small, dainty feet.”



H. E. C.

How patiently he soothéd them—
His students' foolish squirms,
How generously he carved for them,
Fishes, crabs, and worms.



H. A. C.

He was thoughtful and grave, but the questions he
gave
Were enough to bewilder a few,
When he cried, "Mention all the great kings who were
tall!"
What on earth were the poor maids to do?

A. M. D.

You work us hard, and tax our brain,
And wonder why we grind;
Why, if we stop to take a breath
We're sure to fall behind!

W. S. D.

"I weep for you," the Tutor said.
"I deeply sympathize.
Days are not all alike, you know—
I'd never, never treat you so!"

L. B. D.

There was also a lady who taught in the place—
A fact to be noted with care—
For those who thus mount into such high account
We confess, to our sorrow are rare.

M. L. E.

On he speeds, never wasting a minute,
Looking neither behind or before.
Loth the hour to close, in haste to begin it,
Urging, inspiring us still to learn more.



T. S. F.

"A barking dog never bites,"
We're very glad that's true ;
For if your bite were like your bark
How 'fraid we'd be of you.

F. S. H.

"You are young, Rhet'ric Master," the maiden said,
"And your hair is exceedingly light,
Yet you write on our themes hieroglyphics in red
Do you think at your age it is right?"

W. A. H.

"Had I the time and power," he said,
"I'd gladly write your essay for you.
Let examinations go
And read myself the books that bore you."



J. H. H.

"If seven maids with seven brains
Thought hard for half a year,
Do you suppose," the student said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Preceptor,
And shed a bitter tear.



C. J. K.

Speak crossly to your little class,
And make 'em know their places ;
Don't heed—if you would have 'em pass—
Their sweet, pathetic faces.



C. K.

“ The time has come,” the Master said,
“ To talk of many things ;
Of girls—and books—and Latin names—
Of editors and rings—
Of why the women pencils drop,
And whether men have wings.”

N. G. McC.

Cuts, inattention, and evident bluffs,
He never took us to task for ;
His manners are perfect, his lectures unmatched—
What more in the world would you ask for ?



G. C. D. O.

How, where, when, what,
Why, which, who?——
I'll keep it up until you know
Just what I want of you.



W. R. S.

He is the shepherd, and we are the sheep ;
Would that he'd lose us—like little Bo-Peep !



C. L. S.

“ Maidens, come and talk with me—
Come talk with me, I pray ;
A pleasant laugh, a pleasant talk
Will cheer us on our way.”

C. T.

The man did smile upon his class—
Smiled with all his might—
He tried his very best to make
His students' lives more bright.

B. D. W.

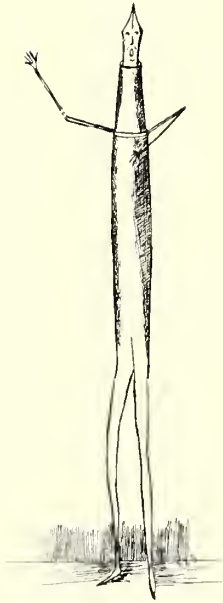
Greetings, greetings, Mister Man,
Come and see us when you can ;
Barnard teas are given still,
And no one else your place can fill.

ALAS !

A. W.

Be not misled by her manners,
Though winning and sweet they be ;
That prim little maid, so gentle and staid,
Is one of the Faculty.

Song of the Fountain Pen



I sing of the dreary lecture
That drags the minutes along.
I sing to the drone of a sleepy tone—
And who knows not my song?

Of the patent compressed courses,
Of the fiery lectures they bring,
Of the words' profusion—the thought's confusion,
I howl—but I can not sing.

As the words pour in to the second
'Neath the tightening clutch I quake;
In the desperate race I hasten my pace,
With a jagged scrawl in my wake.

To the agonized haste of the Freshman
I scratch with indecorous might;
While each wand'ring thought of a brain overwrought,
Leaves a barren patch of white.

The experienced prods of the Senior
 I respond to with jerky jots.
 And I know of the maid who seeks foreign aid
 By my eloquent manner in spots.

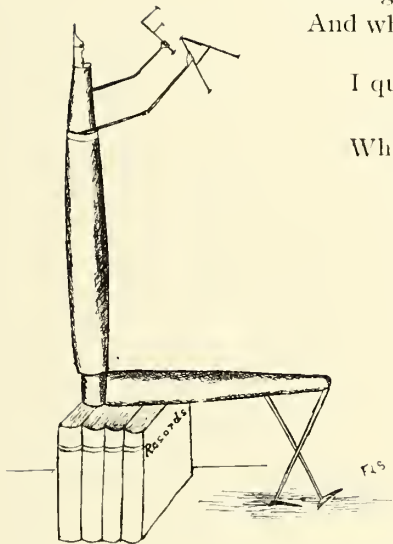
I sing of muddles of notes
 Of arguments endlessly long;
 Of breaking day—sleep scared away—
 And who knows not my song ?

I quite congealed with pity,
 With fright and wonder shook,
 When a trembling hand—tho' I now understand—
 First reached for a pink-bound book.

I am conscious now of my power,
 I know that my mission is great;
 The strokes that I make and the paths that I take
 Are the arbiters of Her fate.

So I sing to the heads that direct me,
 To the hands that drive me along;
 Of their hopes and their fears—for a long four years—
 And they know well my song.

F. L. S.



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PERSONALS.

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1901.

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E. G. B.—Photographer's agent. Lowest rates. Instructors on the run, a specialty.

E. B.—Continuous side performance during English 61 and Psychology A. Co-operators wanted.

L. D. B.—Would like to arrange for 55-hour course in Greek. Highest inducements offered, in way of brains and application. Only Ph.D's. need apply.

M. B.—If the young lady who spends 4 hours a day in traveling will communicate with Fiske Hall she may hear of something to her advantage.

M. E. H. C.—Highest prices paid for trunks, coffins, packing-cases, or anything else suitable for holding class ducs.

H. E. C.—For sufficient inducement, will accept the chair of mathematics at Columbia.

H. E. C.—In answer to your request for a cure for the giggles, would recommend a course with Dr. Knapp.

P. H. D.—An invaluable article. Every class should possess one.

M. L. E.—Where's Madalene?

M. E.—Would like to receive estimates for notebooks if purchased wholesale. Must contain 3,000 pages each.

M. H. F.—Arrangements for your convenience have been made at the Library, so that you may be relieved of the necessity of ever leaving the building.

LIBRARIAN OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

J. B. G., 1900—Return to 1901 and all will be forgiven. No questions asked.

L. T. H.—Caddies may be obtained from the Freshman Class, Columbia University.

M. H.—Where's Mary?

C. E. H.—For second-hand trots, will exchange well-worn smile. Dimple thrown in.

I. E. I.—Will establish a college for business and finance in September, 1901. For reference apply to Class of 1901, Barnard.

L. F. J.—Consulting oracle for History 2. Absolute knowledge of modern history guaranteed.

A. R. J.—"Too little Johnson."

LOST—50th St. Brindle Boston Terrier Blitch; St. Nicholas av., near 5th st.; turned.

PERSONALS.

H. E. J.—LOST—An A in mathematics.

Kane—Where is thy "Abel" brother?

O. C. K.—Apply to 1902 for instruction in the art of making a noise.

R. L. K.—Will young lady who turns all classes into argumentative discourses, communicate with Rhetoric C instructor?

A. L.—Expert in manufacturing the letter A. Two and a half years' experience.

C. L. McK.—Seek perfection elsewhere. It dwells not with man.

F. O.—"One man's loss is another man's gain." Apply to case in hand.

B. M. O.—Wanted—A megaphone for class use.

M. P.—Advice given to young students, "How to Study Faithfully."

J. F. P.—"Better late than never."

1901.

E. C. R.—Barnard College confectionery. Excellent fudge at lowest rates. Recitation and examination rooms supplied.

F. L. S.—Wanted—A rest.

S. E. S.—Expert copyist, and careful statistician.

S. C. S.—Choice collection of Asiatic badges, decorations, etc., for sale.

J. G. S.—Room 342, Fiske. Bureau of advice in all emergencies.

M. G. T.—Leisure hours to spare. Conversations and promenades with suitable companions.

A. F. W.—Lost—a pigtail.

M. L. W.—Apply at once to A. F. W. for advice in arranging hair.

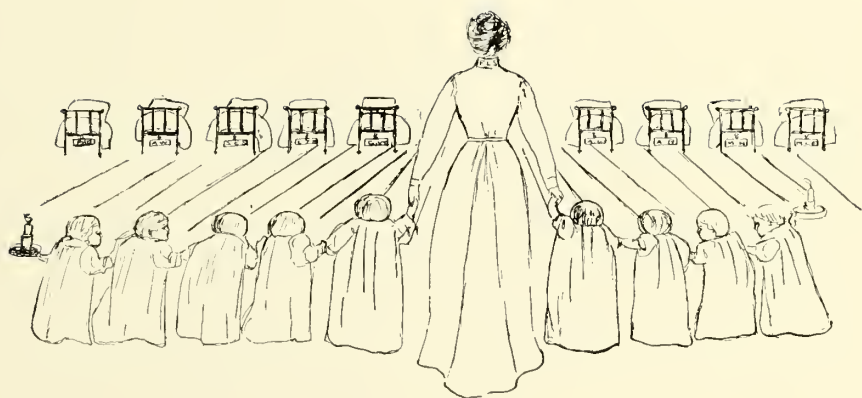
M. G. W.—Offers for sale a limited number of latest work—"Effect of Concentration of Mind upon Class Standing."

C. W.—Skepticism administered in large or small doses. Special attention given to repression of undue hopes in class enterprises.

C. E. W.—Class spirit may be obtained from any member of 1901.

1901—Wants information regarding { C. C. C.
and { R. J. R.

LOST—March 8, black R. van Poodle, answers to "Nick"; license N. Will be paid on collat. Suitable East 30th st.,



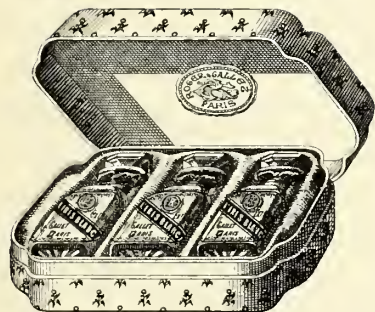
Addenda

Although the death of Mr. Hovey is a matter of regret to a far greater number of people than the few who may see these pages, the Editors yet feel that this book of ours—the representative of 1901—would be incomplete indeed, without recording its tribute of praise and admiration to Mr. Hovey, not only as a poet but as a friend. There are members of the class who will always remember his kindly interest and efficient aid in the class-play, one of the most arduous enterprises that 1901 has yet undertaken.

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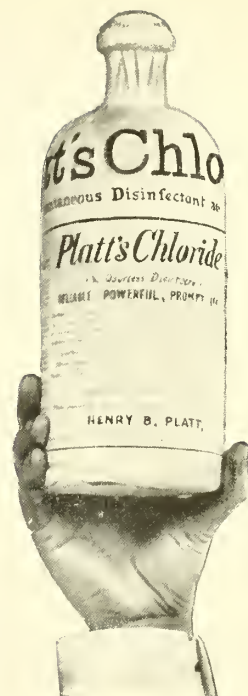
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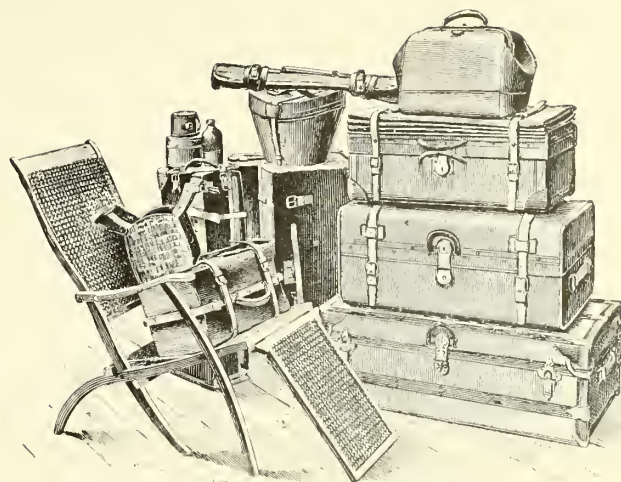
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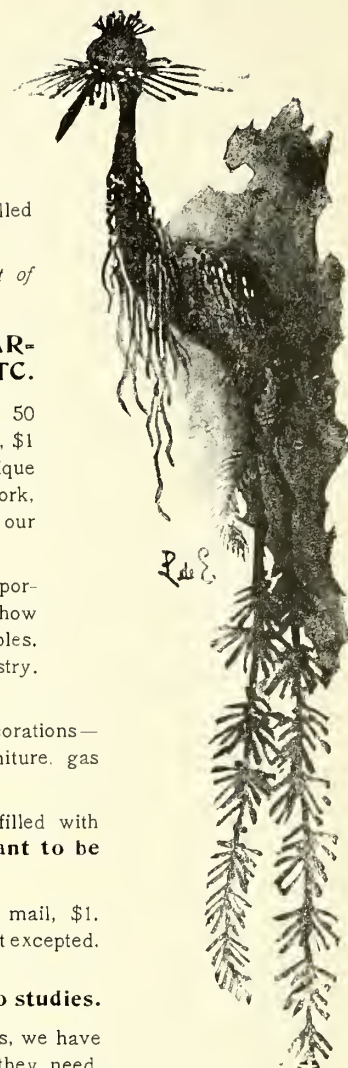
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